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CHRONICLE.

THE too usual *Friday* count-out was pre-
ceded last week by a small but rather
sharp worry on the subject of the proposed
removal of the NELSON statue in Dublin, and by a debate
on the working-man and his grievances in the matter
of Government contracts. Neither discussion had much
reality. As to the first, it is undoubted that if any statue
makes an obstruction in a town, the corporation of that
town ought to have a right to remove it, and it is equally
undoubted that the Corporation of Dublin would never
have thought of removing the statue in question if it had
been set up in honour of some half-treasonable Irish spouter
and demagogue, and not of an English hero. As for the second,
all public talk, and too much writing, about the working-
man is saturated with dishonesty. It is ill that he should
be sweated himself; it is worse that he should boycott and
bully other working-men; it is worst that nobody seems,
in public, to be able to talk on either subject without an
eye to votes. In the House of Lords Lord SALISBURY
supplied a fresh proof of his being *né rôtisseur* by giving a
demonstration of that finest of fine arts on the amiable
person of Lord MEATH.

On *Monday* the House of Lords read the East India
Officers Bill and the Elementary Education (Blind and
Deaf) Bill a second time. In the Commons Mr. COBB, weary
of dead Dukes, fastened upon live baccarat players as a new
kind of the savoury dish which the soul of COBBs loves. The
twelve o'clock bar was lifted, and Mr. MORLEY's long post-
poned motion as to the administration of the law in Ireland
came on. It was debated on an amendment of Mr. T. W.
RUSSELL's smartly enough. Mr. MORLEY hashed up the
old story again not too spiritedly; Mr. BALFOUR hashed
Mr. MORLEY in a *sauces piquante* of a beautiful fashion;
young Mr. HARRISON (whom Mr. MORLEY had very un-
kindly left out of the story, now that he sticks to Mr.
PARNELL after Mr. MORLEY has left him) gave a pleasant
account of his views of the whole duty of an under-
graduate towards the police; Mr. GLADSTONE intervened
not very forcibly, and was afterwards indisposed, and Sir
WILLIAM HARCOURT directed the jury that the Government
had "been convicted" (there is a natural topsyturvy in
this kind of summing up) "of illegal and unconstitutional
conduct." Whereupon the said jury, not having the fear
of Sir WILLIAM before their eyes, promptly acquitted the
Government by 320 to 245. On the putting of Mr.
RUSSELL's amendment as a substantive motion, the Opposi-
tion indulged in one of the tricks natural to it, and got
the debate adjourned.

In the House of Lords on *Tuesday* those often estimable
and sometimes delightful ladies who wish to vote ran in
danger of the more than doubtful patronage of Lord
DENMAN; but the House was kind to them, and rejected
Lord DENMAN, rather than the Bill, without a division.
Lord DUNRAVEN drew from Lord KNUTSFORD some infor-
mation about the discontent of Newfoundland; between
which colony, Canada, the United States, and France a
Colonial Secretary may be said at the present moment to
be enjoying a by no means delightful time. The House of
Commons also, and on a greater scale, had an Indian and
Colonial evening. After some preliminary observations on
a singularly impudent proposal for a general trespass and
birds'-egg lifting scheme, which had been exposed in the
Times (and which, we are glad to see, has since been
abandoned by the promoters), several minor Indian matters
were handled. Then Mr. BUCHANAN moved the abolition
of the presidential commands in India—a most important
subject, but one which, as Sir JOHN GORST and Mr.
STANHOPE very properly argued, cannot be satisfactorily

handled except as a Government measure introduced on
Government responsibility. The motion was withdrawn, and
Mr. HOWARD VINCENT had his innings as to a Colonial
Conference on Commerce. The debate slipped naturally
into a Free Trade v. Protection groove, wherein Sir LYON
PLAYFAIR took the part of the Freetrader *quand même*,
who would rather die in the arms of Free Trade than be
made immortal in those of her rival, while Mr. GOSCHEN put
the views of less enthusiastic economists. The motion was,
after a wrangle, since the Opposition would not allow it to
be withdrawn, disposed of by the previous question just at
midnight.

Wednesday was given up to the Factory and Workshops
Acts Amendment Bill, which was read a second time with-
out a division, after a serious and respectable debate be-
tween representatives of the manufacturing districts who
knew what they were talking about and what the persons
concerned wanted. The measure is, we believe, not popu-
lar in some of those districts and with some of those per-
sons; not because the employers have the least desire to
neglect their "hands," but because they think some of its
details unworkable. As every one acquainted with the
subject knows, the great difficulty is to get the hands them-
selves to observe the precautions enjoined on them; for
instance, not to clean machinery in motion deliberately and
for the sake of saving themselves trouble. But Sir HENRY
JAMES made concessions to criticism, and the HOME SECRE-
TARY was justified in congratulating the House on the tone
of the debate.

In the House of Lords on *Thursday* Lord SALISBURY
moved the second reading of the Tithes Bill. It was op-
posed by an amendment of Lord BRABOURNE's, which the
mover supported in a speech containing things not so suit-
able to the present times as true, and which was not pressed
to a division. No one else opposed the Bill, though the
Archbishop of CANTERBURY regretted, as we do, the omis-
sion of the redemption clauses, and Lord SELBORNE
promised or threatened amendments. Lord SALISBURY's
own speech, except that he answered Lord BRABOURNE by
anticipation, was strictly "anodyne" and conciliatory. It
is characteristic that Lord KIMBERLEY was the only person
who tried to please the groundlings of his party by the
statement that tithes are "national property"—a statement
which (unless made in the sense that all property, public or
private, can be put by Parliament at the disposal of the
Crown) is legally and historically a falsehood. The Lower
House spent the whole evening on the Army Estimates,
first discussing in succession recruiting (as to which Sir
EDWARD HAMLEY commented only too forcibly on the
ridiculous physique of the army), shooting ranges, the
magazine rifle, and other things, and then listening to Mr.
STANHOPE's statement.

As was to be expected, the proposed meddling
with Hindoo customs, in the Age of Consent
Bill, is meeting with increased opposition.—

The Canadian political contest is very hot, and no one quite
knows what will come of it. The disloyal party makes a
noise; but it is certain that many of the French Canadians
will not hear of annexation, and it would be at least dis-
creditable if the rest did so. As to the bait of increased
commercial prosperity, that is quite visionary. New Eng-
land is not far from Canada, and the Canadians can look
there. On *Wednesday* Sir JOHN MACDONALD and Sir
CHARLES TUPPER made a vigorous onslaught on their
"Liberal" opponents, accusing them, with too much
appearance of truth, of treason to the Empire, and produc-
ing a most damaging document (the authenticity of which
has been since admitted) by a Canadian "Liberal" and
newspaper editor informing the Americans of the best way
to annexation. There is often more apparent than real

violence about colonial politics, but this matter seems serious. The Newfoundlanders are continuing—this time on the subject of reciprocity—the fit of singular bad temper and bad conduct which has seized on them recently. Although they have an ancient European kingdom to bear them in countenance, they should not thus give place to the Devil, who teaches that, if you are small and weak, you may be naughty.—The Government party in Chili is said to have experienced reverses; but a man knows not what to believe in news from that quarter.—The newspapers have been full of rumours of the German EMPEROR's determination to have done with that audacious Prince BISMARCK, who dares put up newspapers to criticize Imperial functionaries and acts. Political ideas in Germany are in the queerest muddle between the most antiquated and the most advanced fallacies. But we should have thought that "No 'sackee and gaggee too!" was an elementary principle of justice which might have commended itself even to a youthful War-Lord in a hurry.—The new Italian Ministry is going to trim its sails so as to catch the wind both from the Triple Alliance and France, to make at once for the Land of Retrenchment and that of National Defence. But Italians, with a few exceptions, have seldom been great sailors; and this is no small task of seamanship.—The MARAT statue has been removed in Paris; this is, at any rate, better than removing NELSON in Dublin. The French are furious at the reforms in Egyptian justice; their representative at Cairo has protested; and it is said that they will show their wrath by retracting their consent to the proposed employment of Egypt's savings—an act thoroughly worthy of French conduct throughout the affair.

Speeches. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH delivered an important speech, touching, among other things, on the Canadian business, at the dinner of the London Chamber of Commerce, on Wednesday, when Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and the Marquess of LORNE also spoke. On the same night Mr. STANHOPE spoke at the Weavers' dinner.

Ecclesiastical Appointments. Lord SALISBURY has certainly hitherto had a lucky hand in bishops. By the elevation of Canon CREIGHTON to the see of Peterborough one of the strongest of English Churchmen is put in a place to show his strength, and the due reward is given to a career singularly varied in college and University work (the latter carried on *in utraque Academia*), in parochial duty and in literary occupations.—Dr. JEX-BLAKE's appointment to the Deanery of Wells is also a reward, though of a different kind, being the allotment of a place of dignified and comfortable repose to one who, in his day, has done good work of a certain kind.

Ireland. Both Pope and anti-Pope, both Mr. PARNELL and Mr. MCCARTHEALITT (or whatsoever name that complicated entity the anti-Parnellite leader may prefer), are preparing for a fight in Ireland by law and by league, in newspaper and at *nisi prius*, with blackthorn and billingsgate. It is impossible even for the Divinity, in such a case, to comply with the old prayer, "God schaw the right!" but it is comforting to think that it is equally impossible for the right to be beaten.—It is reported, and is most sincerely to be hoped, that a large number of the dupes of the Plan of Campaign among the CLANRICARDE tenants have "come in."

Strikes. The Shipping Federation on Monday put its foot down at Cardiff; whether it will be able to keep it there remains to be seen, but may be devoutly hoped. On the other hand, the Shipping Unions seem to wish, even from what they call their concessions, to captain the ships as well as regulate the docks; and they are trying to enlist the railway men at Cardiff on their side. In the London Docks the Federation is working vigorously on the one satisfactory line—that of "going and doing" "likewise" to the Unions, only without crime and tyranny.

Miscellaneous. Something like twelve thousand pounds were stolen on Monday from a boy of seventeen who had been sent by one bank to another in London with that amount in a leather case. If people will deal with such easily negotiable property in a manner thus facilitating a certain kind of negotiation, they must take the consequences.—A curious case has been heard during the week at Cambridge, in which the right of Universities to impound stray cattle of a certain kind has been once more questioned and once more confirmed. It may have reminded some readers of the oddest incident in the history

of the Spinning House, if not in that of English Prime Ministers, the charge brought by Mr. PITT's enemies that he, out of pure hatred to womankind, had acted as an amateur bulldog.—A fresh Whitechapel murder gratified a certain kind of curiosity on Friday week.—Owing to the dense fog the Waterloo meeting had to be put off on Wednesday.—Some attempt has been made to get up a howl about the eviction of Lord LONDONDERRY's collier tenants on strike from the abodes which they occupy as workmen of the work they refuse to do. The next appeal for sympathy will probably be made for a domestic servant who declines either to work or to leave his or her master's house.

Correspondence. A very important letter from Sir WILLIAM LEWIS, explaining the state of the case at Cardiff, was published on Thursday morning, and there appeared on the same day one from Lord LINGEN on the subject of Greek pronunciation, brief, but containing more sense and scholarship than all the arguments of the reformers in this case (and the case of Latin, too, for that matter) put together.

Obituary. The name of the American Admiral PORTER was very well known indeed in the days of the Civil War, but had been, at least by Englishmen, little heard of late years.—General SHERMAN, who died a day later at a fair, though not a great age, had higher fame. He has been variously ranked among the generals of that war, a very difficult one to criticize. His famous march to the sea at least entitled him fully to the praise—no small one—of *ausus contemnere vana*, and, though his conduct in the South excited the bitterest resentment, it may be admitted that it is even harder to carry on civil wars with rose-water than it is to carry on the revolutions which start them. He was, perhaps, not more destitute of chivalrous feeling than many others; and he was a better soldier.—The unfortunate "Poet CLOSE" will long be remembered as the victim of a disgraceful blunder, followed by a more disgraceful act of cruelty. To grant his pension was scandalous; to revoke it abominable.—Lord BEAUCHAMP, who died suddenly of heart disease on Thursday, was an excellent Churchman, a sound Tory in general politics, a man of considerable ability and of varied intellectual interests, but also a little of a crotcheteer.

EGYPT.

THE assent of the KHEDEVE to Sir EVELYN BARING's scheme for the reorganization of the Egyptian judicial system, and the separation of the judicature from the Executive, is a matter for sincerest congratulation both to England and to Egypt. It was both necessary and desirable that the cruel and excessive character of the Egyptian criminal code should be mentioned in the discussion, but we do not think that the change should be based upon that. Some pretty sharp punishments (though certainly not crucifixion) are necessary in Oriental countries. But what is of real importance is that the administration of the code, whether that code be severe or lenient, should be in hands which are above suspicion. Although the character of the purely Egyptian Civil Service has been greatly raised in these last years, such traditions as those which have been revealed, not by English spite, but by French indiscretion, as having prevailed before the English occupation, are not to be eradicated in a day or a decade. Moreover, even if there were no direct corruption and no direct tyranny on the part of the administrators, justice can never be satisfactorily administered in an Oriental country until it is understood that the judicature is independent, or all but independent, of the Executive. Probably no better selection could be made, in point of nationality, for the Supreme Court than an Englishman, with an Italian and an Egyptian for assessors; and the personality of the proposed officials seems to be as satisfactory as their nationality. If this great reform is carried out, yet another stone will have been added to a most remarkable and creditable edifice. The concomitant expedition to Tokar is an accidental coincidence, and may not betoken any larger schemes in that direction. But as a sign that the English advisers of the KHEDEVE, who certainly have not hitherto erred in the sense of rashness, "feel their feet" here, too, it is as cheering in one way as the positively brilliant financial results which English care has at last achieved are in another.

The ill-temper of the French on the subject was inevitable, and we have no desire to aggravate it by designedly irritating comment. We shall indeed frankly admit that, if such a contrast as the Egypt of to-day presents after eight years of English influence, exercised under whatever difficulties, with the Egypt of eight years ago after a much longer period of influence mainly, though not wholly, French, were reversed, Englishmen would probably be very sore indeed. It must be intensely annoying to Frenchmen to see a steady surplus achieved by English finance in a country which French horse-leeches bled to bankruptcy. But we confess that we are once more surprised at the strange maladroitness displayed by Frenchmen in selecting the occasions and manners of these protests of theirs against the inevitable. Last time they appeared in the character of SHYLOCK's advocate, as defenders of the right of Egypt's creditors to refuse payment when the debtor can raise money at an easier rate. Now they appear as obstructors of the improvement of justice and champions of SHYLOCK as well. Last time it was "Egypt shall not use her improved credit and have her taxes lightened, because you are there and have improved it." Now it is "Because you are there, and are doing it, the Egyptian shall not have cheaper, more merciful, more thorough, more impartial justice." We cannot object to the position in which, by this action of theirs, the French place ourselves; but we may be pardoned wonderment at their caring to place us in it. And when, as in this case, they speak plainly, and say, "Why do you not go, instead of lengthening your cords and strengthening your stakes?" they make an almost equally great mistake. For our invariable and consistent contention has been that we are staying in Egypt to make Egypt stronger, to enable her some day to go alone. These measures are clearly likely to conduce to that end; if not, let the French say so and prove it. If they are, let them welcome them as hastening the end for which they profess to wish. Or otherwise let them not be surprised if not merely England but the world should conclude that their *Ote-toi* is only a somewhat disingenuous aposiopesis for a longer sentence—*te-toi, que je m'y mette*.

AUTOGRAPHS AND GRAMMAR.

MR. RICHARD HENRY STODDARD is an American man of letters who owns a very remarkable set of autographs and a very remarkable style. Both of these possessions he exhibits in *Scribner's Magazine*. His critical ideas are also curious, and may be viewed in the same miscellany. Perhaps if his ideas were less quaint we might be less concerned with his grammar. When an author says that "only those among us who are curious in tracing the history of English prose affect to find any pleasure in ADDISON's contributions to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*," he becomes highly interesting. For he may mean that everybody likes "Sir Roger de Coverley" and the other essays, except persons curious about the history of English prose, and that they only "affect" to like their classics. Or he may mean that nobody "among us" likes ADDISON, and that only a few specialists pretend to like him. However we may construe Mr. STODDARD, his confessions are significant. "THACKERAY was the last great modern writer who enjoyed the essays," perhaps because THACKERAY was "the last great modern writer." But in England people who are not great writers do still enjoy the *Spectator* and we hope that in America also ADDISON still gives pleasure. About POE Mr. STODDARD sagaciously observes that "his poems are remarkable for their excess of verbal melody." As if verbal melody could be excessive in poems! However, POE is the only American who sins in this excess. English poetry is full of such culprits, as SHAKESPEARE, KEATS, SHELLEY, and COLERIDGE. Their verses have an "excess of verbal melody," we are happy to say.

Attracted by opinions so novel and seductive, we pass from Mr. STODDARD's ideas to his grammar. This, also, is wonderful, if not fearful. We recommend to young "stylists" the following sentence. Mr. STODDARD is writing about Mrs. BROWNING. "Delicate" (he means sickly) "from her birth, and always an invalid, she" is represented as suffering from a mysterious malady, "which may, or may not, have been caused by a fall from her horse, which she herself appears to have forgotten, or from a cough, which she remembered." A malady might be caused by a fall from a horse, but how

could it be caused by a fall from a cough? If Mr. STODDARD means that the malady was caused by a cough, of course his public will ask him what caused the cough. For a cough is not a cause, but a symptom of bad health. However, Mr. STODDARD, in his obscure way, says that the malady was produced "by a fall from her horse, which she appears to have forgotten, or from a cough, which she remembered." ADDISON did not write in this manner at all; he wrote grammar; and people unaccustomed to grammar may only "affect" to like ADDISON, while they revel in stories about falls from coughs. Mr. STODDARD says that POE's tales are remarkable for "darkling imaginative power," and that Mrs. BROWNING's language, "though forcible, is violent." Mr. POE's imagination was never so "darkling" as the meaning of Mr. STODDARD, nor did Mrs. BROWNING's language, "though forcible," do such violence to common sense. Here is another example. Mr. STODDARD is talking of BURNS. "The recipient of public money, to the extent of obtaining from Government some forty pounds a year for his service in the excise, he was accused of disloyalty, watched (as he seems to have believed) by envious people who coveted his petty emoluments, and his hasty words, which were no doubt often indignant and injudicious, reported to his superiors." Why did envious people covet his hasty words?

Mr. STODDARD's autographs, apart from the merit of his literary opinions and the graces of his diction, are very curious. For example, he prints a copy of THACKERAY's "Sorrows of Werther." We all suppose that THACKERAY wrote

And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing *for* to hurt her.

But in the autograph it is put

Would do nothing that might hurt her.

Then it was by his "passion" that WERTHER "no more" was troubled" in printed versions. In Mr. STODDARD's copy we read

Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by *them* troubled.

Which of the two sets of readings is correct? Mr. STODDARD also publishes a song, previously *inédit*, and a bad one, by ADDISON in which "sun" rhymes to "return." Perhaps JOSEPH knew it was not worth publishing. This piece is a mystery. Mr. STODDARD writes, "The tradition of a former possessor is that it was sent by ADDISON himself to a gentleman of Virginia, concerning whom he" (who?) "promised to tell me at no distant date." Did ADDISON promise to tell Mr. STODDARD? Perhaps the gentleman of Virginia was Colonel HENRY ESMOND. Another autograph is a very much corrected page of a review by SCOTT. Mr. STODDARD says that it was "scrawled" in SCOTT's last year, and is "almost illegible." In the copy it is not only perfectly legible, but the handwriting is at least as good as SCOTT's in his best days. Now, in his last years, Sir WALTER's hand was really all but illegible, a most curious, contorted, and gouty scribble. He used a new machine, which was supposed to support the fingers, but it was of no great avail, and it is assuredly most interesting that he should have written so clearly in this page of prose.

THE TIPPERARY FIZZLE.

MANY very telling things were said by Mr. T. W. RUSSELL in the speech with which he introduced his amendment to Mr. MORLEY's motion the other night, and there was much good argument and effective satire in Mr. BALFOUR's contribution to the debate. But we doubt whether anything uttered by either of them adds anything to the completeness with which the true description of that debate was hit off in a couple of unadorned sentences—sentences pretending neither to rhetorical nor to epigrammatic distinction, and, indeed, claiming no other merit than that of a plain statement of fact—which fell from the CHIEF SECRETARY. "The House," he said, "is asked to go through all the elaborate forms of a vote of censure, and men have been whipped up from the furthest ends of the earth to decide whether HER MAJESTY'S Government are or are not to be allowed to retain their position because three or four gentlemen in Tipperary, when a Privy Councillor and an ex-member of the Cabinet happened to be present, have had their heads broken. I call it ridiculous." And ridiculous it was; so ridiculous that, though Mr. BALFOUR

went on to point out, as he was fully entitled to do, that, inasmuch as it dealt with matters about to become the subject of judicial inquiry, there was something worse than absurdity about it, we do not, for our own part, care to insist much upon this more serious aspect of it. That row of Privy Counsellors who sit, "a terrible show," on the Front Bench to the Speaker's left have in truth laboured so assiduously for the last four or five years to embarrass the administration of law and pervert the course of justice in Ireland that a fresh example of the outrage seems hardly worth noticing. It cannot, at any rate, be said to give distinction to the debate in which it occurs. But what does single out that debate from among other Parliamentary exertions of the same kind is the exceptionally trumpery character of its pretext. No sorer performance than Mr. MORLEY's speech has ever been witnessed even from that most uninspired and uninspiring of performers, nor has any more infelicitous peroration been ever blundered into within living memory by any House of Commons orator. Mr. MORLEY is more often guilty than any other Parliamentary debater of that most disastrous of debater's slips—the utterance of double-edged sentences which cut his own rhetorical fingers, and provoke hearty applause and laughter from opponents on that account. It is bad enough to make one of these slips at any point in a Parliamentary speech, but to do so during its last few minutes is fatal; and in the echo of the "counter-cheers" which had been provoked by the maladroitness of appeal of the patron of boycotting and intimidation to the "old love of freedom" among the constituencies, Mr. MORLEY's carefully prepared debating-club tag about something "having been burnt deep, and rightly burnt deep, into the soul of the Irish people," fell painfully flat on the ears even of his own supporters.

Did he wish, when he rose to speak at half-past four o'clock, that "it were midnight, and all were well"—at least as well as a defeat by a thumping majority can be? We do not know. It may have been so, or it may not; but it ought to have been so if it was not. For we should have a far lower opinion of Mr. MORLEY's judgment on "a case" than in fact we have, if we supposed him capable of regarding his brief of the other night with any complacency. If, as he boasts, his bringing up in the surgery has steeled him to the sight of broken heads, his later experience in the library has given him passable skill in patching up and plastering over a fractured argument. But it has prevented him from ever mistaking it for a sound one, and we can confidently credit him with having felt that the solution of continuity in Mr. HARRISON's scalp on the Day of Tipperary was not nearly so serious as the flaws in his one while advocate's case. The truth, of course, is that when Mr. MORLEY's "thoughtful hat"—as an irreverent critic has called it—was knocked off in front of the Tipperary court-house, it carried away its thought-producing contents. Mr. MORLEY picked up his hat, but left—perhaps in the excitement of the moment never missed—his head; and it would seem that he had not recovered it when he delivered his subsequent speeches in England, and pledged himself to give Mr. BALFOUR's flesh to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field—in a Parliamentary sense. How he came to sustain this loss of an article which even in these days of machine-made politics a politician cannot safely dispense with is not quite clear, but our own impression is that, in spite of Mr. MORLEY's early surgical experiences, he was a little flustered by the Tipperary cudgel-play. After all, to have seen many broken heads does not make it any the less novel an experience to see even a few heads broken. It would be no reproach to Mr. MORLEY that he should not have been able to survey an Irish street scrimmage with that critical composure which alone could have enabled him to give an opinion worth anything on the question which he so precipitately and unscientifically resolved in a sense adverse to the police. If he actually failed—and it is only charitable to assume such a failure on his part—to foresee that a row was sure to be got up for his special edification, we cannot undertake to say what he might or might not have failed to see when actually on the spot, or to put limits to the number of hallucinations of which he might have been the victim. A mind so "innocent and quiet" might for all we know have taken the court-house "for a hermitage," and the mob for a procession of peaceful pilgrims seeking admission to it in the desire to pay their homage to the saintly men within.

But what has happened since Mr. MORLEY injudiciously

challenged the CHIEF SECRETARY to a Parliamentary duel to the death is evidently this. First, it began to dawn upon him that a "rise" had been taken out of him by the patriots who invited him to, or found him at, Tipperary; then he began to wonder whether his crowd had been—could have been—quite as child-like and bland as he had represented, and, at one time, no doubt, believed them to be; and, finally, events in Ireland convinced him that, whatever might be his private opinion of the mood of his crowd, or of the behaviour of his "stripling" hero, it was hopeless to attempt to get his original view on these matters accepted by Parliament and the public. The "crowded hour" of Ballinakill had thrown the Day of Tipperary completely into the shade. It had proved that an Irish mob was not what Mr. MORLEY's fancy had painted it, and, above all, that the youth whom Mr. PARNELL proudly presented to his countrymen as the "only man who could fight the police"—the paladin who "had choked three of them"—was a highly ineligible principal witness in support of a charge of police brutality. When these things were made clear to him, Mr. MORLEY no doubt was "sorry he spoke," or, at any rate, that he spoke out so "loud and bold" at Swindon, and would have given something to pay forfeit to Mr. BALFOUR, and declare the match off. This, however, being impossible, he had to fight, and very gingerly he set about it. Nothing, we are sure, but the absolute necessity of dropping the stripling, and with it all the more promising part of the case, would have induced Mr. MORLEY to make as much as he did of the "packed court" grievance and the attack on Mr. SHANNON—a volley of stones, ill directed, from the very door of the owner's conservatory. Something had to be put in to fill out the speech, and this most absurd, and, what is far worse, most unworthy, and in Mr. MORLEY's mouth unseemly, charge against the CHIEF SECRETARY of having endeavoured to procure a conviction of Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN by foul means had necessarily to be laboured. Yet even by these illegitimate means it was not found possible to spin out the empty debate. Mr. GLADSTONE's intervention before the dinner-hour, and that on the puerile plea that the Government were "evading discussion" of a vote of censure, by accepting a direct vote of confidence in themselves—a contention rather like maintaining that the opposition of logical contradictories is a milder form than the opposition of logical contraries—was in itself a sign of weakness; and the talk in general on the Gladstonian side, whether English or Irish talk—the latter very scanty in amount—was exceptionally feeble and ineffective. The official Opposition, indeed, could hardly have shown with greater distinctness that they were "walking through" their parts in a play which, if they could have done so with decency, they would have been very glad to "take out of the bill" altogether. No sign of any real interest in the evening's proceedings was visible on the Front Opposition Bench, until an opportunity arose of accommodating the McCarthyites, by wriggling out of an honourable understanding; and this opportunity Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, of course, seized upon with all the chivalrous ardour of his nature. Nothing could possibly be clearer on the mere statements of the two Whips as to what passed between them than that the Gladstonian leaders agreed to limit the debate, not only on Mr. MORLEY's motion, but on Mr. RUSSELL's amendment, to one night. The Irish party were, of course, not bound by any such arrangement, and if they chose to get up at midnight and oppose it, the point, as Mr. BALFOUR truly said, was not one worth staying out of bed to contest. Mr. SEXTON would have carried his point without the aid which was, with such eager subservience, tendered to him from the Front Opposition Bench. This, however, is not the first time that the occupants of that distinguished position have contrived, in the matter of Parliamentary conduct, to combine the shabby with the gratuitous.

THE LATEST WHITECHAPEL MURDER.

WHETHER THOMAS SADLER did or did not murder FRANCES COLE is a question which will have to be decided by a jury, and which it would therefore be most improper to discuss now. The police seem to have acted, when they did act, with commendable promptitude, and to have arrested a man whom it was their bounden duty to arrest. For whatever account SADLER may be able to give of his conduct on the night of the murder, and of his association with the murdered woman, the suspicion which

at present attaches to his movements ought to be cleared up, one way or the other. A more legitimate, as well as a more interesting, subject of inquiry than SADLER's guilt or innocence is the relations of the murder discovered last Saturday morning with the series of similar crimes committed in the same neighbourhood since Christmas 1887. Now it is, in the first place, by no means certain that all the wretched women who met their deaths in this way were the victims of the same individual. Crime begets crime, and murder has peculiar powers of propagating itself. A savage outrage, especially if fatal to life, excites not only a morbid hankering after details, but even a depraved desire of imitation. The unknown personage whose abominable nickname should not be allowed to pollute the pages of respectable newspapers may have had more than one rival; a careful examination of these cases, both as they agree and as they differ with each other, shows that in only three are there unmistakable traces of the same hand having been at work. The author of this homogeneous trio, which need not be further particularized, is in all probability a homicidal maniac. Ordinary motives for his acts have never been supplied and cannot be suggested. The women he killed were the poorest of their class, mere walkers of the humblest streets, equally unlikely to inspire passion, jealousy, or revenge. The wounds were inflicted with skill and precision, there were no signs of any struggle, and the bodies were invariably mutilated. Homicidal mania is, of course, perfectly well known to medical jurisprudence, and is often accompanied by extreme cunning, so that it may be more difficult to detect the culprit than if he were sane. Indeed, he is sane in the sense once applied to that term by an eminent judge. He would not, that is to say, commit the offence in the presence of a policeman or of a crowd. The Whitechapel murderer, if there be any one entitled to that general appellation, always performed his task at night, and always selected a lonely spot for the purpose. He must also have taken minute and extraordinary precautions from the moment of starting on his errand until he had returned to the place from which he came. For the summary application of lynch law would have been the inevitable result of his being caught red-handed.

That FRANCES COLE was murdered there can be no doubt. The place was Whitechapel, and the time the middle of the night. But these circumstances are obviously insufficient to connect this particular crime with its too numerous predecessors. The points of difference are, indeed, more significant than the points of resemblance. There was, for instance, no mutilation of the body. It may be said that the man was interrupted, and forced to run before his horrible business had been completed. This, however, is hardly the result of the evidence given at the inquest and before the magistrate. On the contrary, the constable on duty heard nothing at all, and saw nothing except the woman lying on the ground, still with some faint signs of life about her. He may even have passed the murderer without noticing him before he came upon the remains of the victim. Then the criminal, whoever he may be, ran the greatest possible risk of discovery, and indeed escaped by the merest accident, through no fault of his own. If the constable had immediately gone in pursuit he might have been caught; though perhaps, in the circumstances, a policeman was right not to leave the corpse, which might have been removed in his absence. The Whitechapel murderer, unless dotage is overtaking him, would have been more cautious. Indeed, the whole theory of the police and of the prosecution is incompatible with the idea that the old crimes are being continued. SADLER, according to the story as hitherto told, was drunk, apparently as drunk as a man can be. Now, whatever else the Whitechapel murderer may be, he is certainly not a drunkard, or he would have been caught long ago. We say nothing about the published statement that SADLER was abroad while no less than four of the murders occurred. For, in the first place, the assertion is not authentic, and, in the second place, it has not been proved that SADLER had anything to do with the death of FRANCES COLE. This poor woman, unless the whole foundation of the view taken by the police be rotten, was killed in a quarrel, or after a quarrel. SADLER is reported to have said that he had been robbed, and that he would "do for" the people who had robbed him. Perhaps nobody said so. Perhaps it was somebody else. But certainly the facts, so far as they are at present known, point to some vulgar, drunken brawl, such as might occur in a low neighbourhood at any time, rather than to the deliberate and un-

provoked butchery which we are accustomed to associate with the phrase "Whitechapel murder." A sailor just discharged, with his pockets full of money and his head full of drink, is as striking a contrast as could well be imagined to the fiend with perverted instincts who cannot resist the gratification of his lust for blood.

COLONIES AND COMMERCE.

THE reason which Mr. VINCENT gave for consenting to withdraw his motion for a free conference between the mother-country and the colonies, as to how they are to become better friends, was more characteristic than he was doubtless aware. He expressed himself satisfied with the sympathetic speech of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Now, sympathetic as it was, the speech of Mr. GOSCHEN was about as steady a shower of cool water as we remember to have seen poured on any proposal in our time. It was politely done; but it was workmanlike and drenching. Still Mr. GOSCHEN expressed "sympathy," and that was enough for Mr. VINCENT. In this he showed himself a true Imperial Federationist. The distinguished members of this party have "expressed sympathy" now for some years, and have been content with expressions of sympathy. It is a harmless attitude, but not a fruitful. Mr. GOSCHEN, with all his sympathy, rather cruelly described it, on Tuesday night, as following the will-o'-the-wisp. "Imperial Federation" and Commercial Zollvereins are, after all, matters of business, and should be proceeded with by way of definite proposal, and the resolute tackling of fact.

Such a proposal as Mr. VINCENT's—that the mother-country and the colonies should foregather and talk about further commercial intercourse—is not at all definite. And it might be conceivably rather dangerous. In common life it is not thought prudent for people who are getting on very well, but have various relations which are capable of producing quarrels, to begin discussing them suddenly and at large. The wisdom of letting sleeping dogs lie is commonly realized in such cases. On Tuesday evening Mr. VINCENT had an opportunity of learning how easily his conference might breed a speedy and a violent quarrel. No sooner had he made his motion, and Mr. STAVELEY HILL seconded it, than Sir LYON PLAYFAIR rose to point out the snake in the grass. A commercial union with the colonies is only Protection writ in another way; and Protection means a "dear loaf" for this country, and we will have none of it. Now it is very possible that, as Mr. LOWTHER said, Free-trade is no longer taken for granted quite so universally as it was; and Mr. GOSCHEN was on very safe ground when he reminded honourable gentlemen opposite that they had made ducks and drakes of so many once sacred principles that they need not lift their hands with horror when the principles of Mr. CORDEN are made light of. Still, though all this may be soothing to Mr. LOWTHER, and is good war against the Opposition, it does not bring us any nearer a definite answer to the questions, Can we have a commercial union with the colonies, and, if so, of what kind? It is worse than useless to discuss a matter of this sort at congresses or elsewhere in the abstract. We must have a distinct object before us if a discussion is not to end in a haze of words. Will anybody come forward with the outlines of a union as a starting point? Something of the kind has been done; but the prospect which it sets before the mother-country is only this—that, if she taxes herself so as to secure the home market for colonial raw material, the colonies will promise to tax her manufactures a trifle less than those of other people's. As there is absolutely nothing in this to deter the colonies from making their tariff prohibitory to the mother-country, provided they also make it rather more than prohibitory to other peoples, it does not seem a boon of so tempting a nature that Englishmen should be prepared for the sake of it to sacrifice the power which is, after all, a matter of life and death to a manufacturing and overpopulated country like this—the power of getting its raw material and its food cheap. A Zollverein by which the colonies would take our manufactures duty-free in return for differential duties in their favour on raw material and food would be an intelligible arrangement. The colonies, however, would not listen to it for a moment, for two satisfactory reasons. In the first place, several of them raise their revenue by Customs, and must continue to do so, therefore they cannot let us in duty-free. In the second place, there are many

interests protected by colonial tariffs which would tear the Empire to pieces before they left themselves exposed on equal terms to the competition of English manufacturers. If, then, commercial union can give us only pretty much what we have in return for heavy sacrifices, of what good will it be? It is very well, no doubt, to make much of the colonies, and to recognize their value, but it is another thing to permit the colonies to tax us and give as little as they like in return. Moreover, we are not quite persuaded that the appeal to the mercy of the colonies which is occasionally heard from Imperial-Federal quarters is either wise or dignified. To tell the colonies that we cannot exist without them is, unless human nature has undergone a vast change of late years, the surest possible way of encouraging them to put up their price. Perhaps if we took to letting all this alone for a little it might do no harm.

ITALY.

THE interest of the recent change in Italian politics is twofold, but one side of it concerns Europe generally, and England in particular, much more than the other. Whether the Government of the Marchese DI RUDINI will be able to hold its own in Parliament and with the country is a question interesting, but less interesting to Englishmen than to Italians. It is quite natural that, after the disruption of so apparently prevailing a party as Signor CRISPI's, cries of treachery and the like should be raised against those members of it who support, much more who take part in, the new Ministry. It is still more natural that in a country which has not yet quite passed from (it has had no time to relapse into) the state of barbarism which demands Home Rule for districts which have no real independent existence, a good deal of particularist feeling should be shown in the matter. It is most natural of all that the incomers should in divers ways and various fashions announce that the three-hooped pot is forthwith to have ten hoops. Italy is notoriously a very heavily taxed country; it has been so ever since it attained to unity and constitutionalism, and it is perhaps not yet awake to the fact that constitutional government is the most expensive form of government yet invented. The wastefullest despotism can seldom have equalled the expenditure of free Governments like those of England and France of the present day. Italy is not rich, and has comparatively little trade, while in past times her fighting was chiefly done for her. A great army and a greater navy, with the suitable apparatus of civil government, cannot be kept up for nothing, and there is very little to keep it up on in Italy but the earnings of the Italian peasant and the possessions of the Italian small proprietor. At the same time Italy has, and no shame to her, "aspirations," and aspirations cost money. It is her business and the Marchese DI RUDINI's to adjust these two facts or classes of facts. On the whole, we are rather glad that it is not ours.

It is, on the contrary, very much our business to inquire, or at least watch, what effect the change may have on general European politics. Here we have one very solid fact to go upon. The disquiet under which Europe had suffered for years was allayed in the most remarkable manner by the alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, with or without possible reinforcements in the background. It is loudly proclaimed by the members of that alliance that each never, never will desert Mr. MICAWBER. Of course not. But, at the same time, Russia is paying unwonted court to Austria, the German EMPEROR (in the intervals of denouncing that wicked Prince BISMARCK) is whispering soft nothings to French artists about the great M. MEISSONIER, and the Marchese DI RUDINI announces his intention of endeavouring to heal the breach which that other wicked person, Signor CRISPI, widened between France and Italy. It is a beautiful spectacle. The Triple Alliance will continue, only each member will "bring a friend"; all the lions will lie down with all the lambs; the golden age will return. Only; will it? That much-neglected study, the study of human nature, does not wholly encourage us to answer in the affirmative. When being united in the bonds of wedlock, or otherwise, with LYDIA, a man begins to pay attentions to CHLOE, the results are fatally uniform; LYDIA never sees it in the right light, and CHLOE is never contented with a share of allegiance. There was no surer sign that the FALSTAFF of the *Merry Wives*

was a little failed than his unlucky suggestion that Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE should "divide him." Now, the nations of the Continent seem to be going on this fatal principle. Germany, Austria, and Italy are still bound by vows of unalterable fidelity to each other—vows which imply something very like unalterable enmity to Russia and France. Yet Germany and Austria are separately flirting with Russia, and Germany and Italy are separately flirting with France. This more than "Double Arrangement" demands a political dramatist of unusual force to anticipate its conclusion. For our parts, we are in that modest mood of the Laureate, we "will stand and mark." But, as a perfectly irrelevant finale, let us observe that we wish there were less dispute about the merits of the 110-ton gun and the magazine rifle.

SHIPOWNERS AND THE UNION.

THE decidedly confused and withal absurdly noisy business called the Cardiff strike has been at last explained by Sir W. T. LEWIS's letter to the *Times* of Thursday. It has been simply one part of the general attempt of the Seamen and Firemen's Union to make itself, or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, to make its secretary, Mr. WILSON, master of the shipping trade of the country. The tippers in the Bute Dock who were unwise enough to go on strike out of sympathy with the Union have been the victims this time. Like the railway servants of the Caledonian who threw up their places in order to support the men of the North British, and stood out too long, they have simply lost their places. It is unnecessary to feel, and still less to profess, sympathy for the "unfortunate men" who have been misled by Mr. WILSON. After all, they broke their contracts. They did what they knew to be an illegal thing in order to put constraint on the Dock Company, and used what they thought was their power to inflict loss on the Company for a purpose in which they held that their own interests were concerned. There is no reason why they should be pitied in their failure. It is not pretended that they had any grievances of their own. They struck in order to prevent the Dock Company from loading a steamer called the *Glengelder*, which was manned by "free" workmen in the employment of the Shipping Federation. This vessel had been blocked by the orders of Mr. WILSON's Union as part of the well-known scheme for forcing all shipowners to employ only Union men. The effort of the Cardiff tippers to stop work on her was an outrageous piece of tyranny. That it should have been instantly and completely beaten is a matter of unmixed satisfaction. If the men who made it suffer, we need not forget that their success would have entailed a great deal of suffering on others. The ease with which they have been beaten will possibly do something to deter imitators. But it is only too probable that the lesson will have to be repeated several times before the "new Unions" understand it, or before labourers learn that they are not really consulting their own interests by blindly obeying the call of the new Unions.

The loss of their places by the Cardiff tippers will be a light price to pay for the stoppage of the general strike which the Seamen and Firemen's Union has been industriously endeavouring to foment. There has been absolutely nothing new about this pernicious enterprise. The Union has been, as it quite openly confesses, for some time endeavouring to confine employment on ships to its own members. From time to time it denies in general terms that it has any such intention. But these denials are idle in face of the notorious facts that vessels which employ free crews are blocked, and that Union men are called upon to refuse to ship with non-Unionists, and even to leave vessels on which men not belonging to their own body have been shipped. A counter charge is made by the Union that the Shipping Federation is endeavouring to break it up by refusing to employ its members. The foundation of fact for the assertion is, that the Federation has found it necessary to insist on a guarantee from the men it employs that they will not help the Union. But the Federation will employ Unionists who will give the promise. If they cannot give the promise and still remain in the Union, that is because it habitually demands from its members obedience to a set of rules which are inconsistent with freedom of labour. There can, it is true, be no denial that the fight is between two organizations;

but that is because the shipowners have been driven to combine for their own defence against the organized attack made on them. They at least are prepared to employ all men who seek employment. They exclude nobody in theory and in practice, only those whose object it is to exclude others. There is no question of wages—what is at stake is the authority of shipowners and of the masters of their ships. The Union is good enough to say that, in cases where its members have behaved badly, it will, if due representation is made to it, look into the facts, and, if it sees cause, reprehend the offender and grant some compensation for the loss he may have caused. It would hardly be possible to make the claim to obtain control of the whole shipping trade with more absolute candour. The manner of the attempt is now very familiar. A set of demands is made by an "executive Committee." If they are not complied with, men are "called out," ships are "blocked"—that is to say, orders are given that they are not to be loaded or discharged. Allied Unions are called in to help. Dockyard labourers, for instance, refuse to work for blocked ships—and so it goes on, after the model supplied by the great and fatal Dock Strike of two years ago. Fortunately, the continuance of the effort is more obvious than the recurrence of the strikes, since the employers have shown that they also can combine. The claim of the shipowners to have the articles signed on board—as they are entitled to do by law—and not at the offices, which can be picketed by the Union, is the point in dispute now. The Federation will in all probability win; but it is a rather startling illustration of what the new Unionism has brought the labour market to, that it should be necessary to ship crews almost on the sly. The shifty conduct of the Wade's Arms Committee in refusing to make the recent withdrawal of the block on some boycotted vessels effective indicates an inclination on the part of the Union to fight. If it has that intention it is probably the best thing which can happen that the Federation should take the challenge up, and fight the fight out.

THE ACADEMIC BASTILLE.

IT is recorded of a French lady, brought before a Parisian tribunal, that, when asked the formal question, *Quel est votre état?* she replied, glancing at a handsome ring which adorned her finger, *L'état, c'est moi.* It is needless to add that she was acquitted. JANE ELSDON had not the ready wit of her French prototype; and, if she had, it would probably not have availed her, especially as the judge would not have allowed her to be questioned. But she also might make the grand boast of LOUIS, and that is really all which can be said against her. We must, indeed, confess to a sneaking sympathy with Miss ELSDON. We are told that "her antecedents are by no means favourable"; but her morals cannot be worse than the reporter's English, and she does not profess morality, while she does profess grammar. Moreover, it may well be that what the reporter says, as distinguished from what he means, is true; and that JANE does not come of an abnormally, or even a normally, virtuous stock. But, however that may be, we have the famous instance of JOHN WILKES to remind us that constitutional battles may be fought by immoral persons. WILKES wrote a poem which would probably shock even Miss ELSDON, if she could read the only portions of it extant; and he was "only half an hour behind the handsomest 'man in England.'" But he established a great moral principle, and Miss ELSDON may yet live, we trust, in a more regular manner, to narrate how she twice suffered incarceration in an ancient monument of academic tyranny called the Spinning House. It is true that Lord CAMDEN decided against the legality of general warrants, and that Baron POLLOCK decided in favour of the Vice-Chancellor's jurisdiction. But, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is so fond of saying, there is a wider issue and a higher tribunal. It will be odd if the House of Commons does not speedily hear of the Spinning House, and of a "feudal" institution—the period of feudalism is very indefinite—which dates from the reign of JAMES I. Indeed, as feudal tenures were only abolished in the reign of CHARLES I., the epithet might possibly be defended. The House adjourned in honour of Miss CASS, who came before that creation of modern statutes, a metropolitan police magistrate. It might therefore well do the same for Miss ELSDON, who suffered at the hands of an effete clerical despotism. The speech of counsel for the defence—a very good speech in its way—supplies plenty of material for indignant Parlia-

mentary rhetoric. "No woman," said Mr. LIVER, "is safe in Cambridge if this law is allowed to exist." Nor can it be denied that there is some foundation for the concluding sentence of Mr. LIVER's fervid harangue. It has undoubtedly "happened" that "ladies of the highest respectability" have been "subjected to annoyance, and 'to detention, purely through the mistake of these men,' meaning thereby the familiar 'bulldogs' who accompany the proctors on their rounds. There was an error of this kind not many years ago, which led to the sacred person of the proctor being assailed by the insulted lady's brother, who must be allowed to have acted under very considerable provocation. There are some things which even the law does not expect that flesh and blood should endure.

Baron POLLOCK, not being one of those judges who believe that the world is burning with curiosity to know their opinions upon things in general, confined himself strictly to the legal aspect of the case, which lay in a nutshell. Miss ELSDON was arrested by the Senior Proctor in Petty Cury at a quarter-past eleven, and taken to the Spinning House. The next morning she was brought before the Vice-Chancellor, who ordered her to be detained for three weeks. The following day she escaped "through the chapel and 'the chaplain's room.'" She was then apprehended by the borough police on a charge of prison-breaking, solemnly committed by the magistrates for trial, gravely convicted by the jury, and decorously sentenced by Baron POLLOCK to the same punishment she originally received. If we were ratepayers of Cambridge, we might feel disposed to grumble at having to bear the cost of this solemn and elaborate trifling. The general public will, we fear, find it difficult to repress a smile. The Vice-Chancellor's Court is a singular place. That there are no lawyers in it may be represented by cynics as an advantage. That there are no witnesses is a significant detail. One Vice-Chancellor, one Proctor, and one bulldog assembled to do judgment and justice upon this young sinner, who, though only seventeen, is already designated by that unfortunate word "unfortunate." An exhortation from Dr. BUTLER is a privilege which we have no desire to underrate, and the assistant-matron swore in cross-examination that she had known a defendant acquitted—she did not say how many times. Perhaps even so sensitive a plant as an undergraduate might be protected against Cytherean wiles without the necessity for abandoning the usual practice of trial first and conviction afterwards. Before the magistrates Miss ELSDON made a statement which was plain, straightforward, and very much to the point. We do not know that the most astute advocate could have improved upon two of her remarks when, "hemmed in rather 'than surrounded' by the bulldogs, and accosted by the Senior Proctor, she said, 'What are you going to take me 'for? I am not with any University man.'" Before the Vice-Chancellor she observed, "I always thought that England 'was a free country, but I find it is not.'" Certainly there are exceptions to this general rule, and one of them appears to be that the Vice-Chancellor's Court, which we have already described, should be a Court of Record, with all the extensive powers thereto belonging. That it is so was decided long ago in the case of *KEMP v. NEVILLE*, an action brought against the present Master of Magdalene, then Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge. There it was admitted that the plaintiff had an unblemished character. But it was held that she had no redress for having been imprisoned as a prostitute. The only evidence against her was that she accompanied some undergraduates to Shelford, where a dinner had been ordered "to celebrate the accession of one 'of the party to the degree of B.A.'" No doubt the streets of Cambridge ought to be kept under vigilant superintendence. But such an eccentric bit of old fogeydom as the Vice-Chancellor's Court certainly does not promote respect for the administration of justice.

FACTORY LEGISLATION.

AN extremely edifying debate on an eminently praiseworthy project of legislation—such would be the verdict most likely to be pronounced on the discussion of the second reading stage of Sir HENRY JAMES's Factory and Workshops Act Amendment Bill last Wednesday afternoon. The HOME SECRETARY'S comment upon it as being "hardly a second reading debate" was, no doubt, justified; but both parties, we may presume, will accept it as a compliment rather than a criticism. Members discussed the

details of the measure because there was no principle to discuss, as Mr. MATTHEWS said, "except this—that some amendment of the Factory Act was required in the interests of the health and safety of the workmen"; and what member on either side of the House of Commons would venture to say, especially within a year or two of a general election, that this is a principle on which any difference of opinion is possible? Everybody was bound to assume, or at any rate everybody did assume, not only that the Factory Acts ought, if possible, to be amended in the direction indicated; but that such amendment was practicable, or, in other words, that new and more stringent regulations for the protection of the health and safety of workmen could not only be formulated in an Act of Parliament, but would be enforceable, and, as a matter of fact, enforced. It is true that most of the speakers indemnified themselves against any risk arising from their unqualified acceptance of the proposition by objecting, one to one, another to another, to nearly all the specific proposals for giving effect to the uniformly admitted principle. So that, if Sir HENRY JAMES's Bill had gone, as Mr. OLDROYD wished it to go, before a Select Committee, it certainly did look as if it might there be reduced to the condition of a measure consisting of an excellent and most laudable preamble and of nothing else.

That, however, is not to be its destination. The Government have got a Bill of their own on the same subject, and the two measures will be referred together to the Standing Committee on Trade. Between them, that is to say, out of an amalgam of what is best, or, in other words, what is safest, most moderate, most practical in each, a sensible and workable enactment should be brought within the reach of the Legislature, and added, if only time permits, to the Statute Book. It is not, however, very hazardous to predict that some of the more ambitious proposals of Sir HENRY JAMES's Bill will not find their way into law; notably that provision for the intromission of 600 cubic feet of air per hour per head of those employed in a factory—a provision which in some factories would involve the displacement of the entire atmosphere of a workroom every hour, with, of course, the result of keeping everybody employed in it in a perpetual state of chill during the winter months. Probably in the course of the deliberations before the Grand Committee Mr. MATTHEWS's remarkably guarded expression of his doubt whether "the ventilation of a factory could ever be made as complete as that of a private house" will be considerably amplified; and due attention may even, perhaps, be paid to Mr. ALBERT BAIGHT's significant testimony to the effect that, "when he has provided extra ventilation for his workpeople, he has found the apertures stopped up with paper and rags the next day." In short, it is not impossible that the Standing Committee on Trade may take heart to recognize boldly what was only timidly hinted by one or two speakers in the recent debate—to wit, that there is a vast deal of nonsense talked about the supposed requirements of workmen in this matter; that their assumed yearning for fresher and purer air in their workshops is largely imaginary; and that there is something more than a probability that, if all factories were to be supplied with a new and elaborate ventilating system, and an inspector were to make periodical descents upon each of them, to see that all their ventilators were open, the hands in a large number of instances would close them again as soon as his back was turned. True, Sir HENRY JAMES's projects for the improving the lot of the workmen are not all of this slightly grandmotherly kind. There are certain important-looking, and we dare say not unneeded, proposals with reference to protection against fire, and there was also that provision relating to the "half-hour's cessation of work" which so significantly, and we may add so satisfactorily, revealed the profound distrust of "hours legislation" which prevails among all who possess any acquaintance, either as employer or workmen, with the condition of the textile industries. This feeling also, we may venture to predict, will find no less strong expression before the Standing Committee.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

THE evidence that we are only at the beginning of a very interesting series of political events in British North America accumulates rapidly. The Canadian election cannot possibly produce a settlement. It can only give to

one of the two contending parties an opportunity of endeavouring to make a settlement. The angry protest of the Newfoundland Legislature against the refusal of the Home Government to ratify the draft Convention with the United States is one proof among many of the variety of conflicting interests which the Colonial Office must endeavour to reconcile. Whether Lord KNUTSFORD, when he gave his consent to the negotiations with the United States, foresaw the difficulties which might arise with Canada or not, he was thoroughly justified in declining to recommend the ratification when those difficulties had actually arisen. From the terms of the Newfoundlanders' protest, they appear to have taken it for granted that the permission to negotiate implied a promise to approve of whatever arrangement they might make. This is, of course, absurd. The Newfoundlanders can hardly in their calmer moments suppose that they are to be permitted to enjoy the rights of a sovereign State, and yet to be protected by the mother-country from the consequences of offending Canada. A very wide margin of freedom must necessarily be allowed to the different colonies, but they must be prepared as long as they remain part of the Empire to abstain from going too far against the interests of other parts. The necessary harmony can in practice only be obtained by leaving a general power of control to the central authority. That power must of course be exercised with discretion and consideration. But it is equally true that the colonists on their part must occasionally exercise a little judgment and self-control also. It cannot be said that Newfoundland has shown either of these qualities very eminently of late. Its provocations have certainly been many, but that does not unluckily alter the fact that its acts have been somewhat trying. Neither, still more unluckily, does it alter the fact that the conditions which make the position of Newfoundland and the duty of the mother-country towards it both so very trying will be permanent.

The electoral contest in Canada has reached boiling pitch—at least it is hard to see how it can become any hotter unless the rival politicians take to impeachment in the literal and not the figurative sense only, and their supporters begin downright fighting with other weapons than words. Sir JOHN MACDONALD's accusation against the Liberal leaders was, we may suppose, deliberately designed to make the contest as angry as possible. The Canadian Premier has apparently decided that his prospect of victory was not sufficiently good if the election was to turn solely on the respective merits of his and his rivals' commercial policies. He has therefore decided to push his opponents' case to what may be plausibly called its logical result. It is the contention of the Conservatives that the free commercial intercourse with the United States recommended by the Liberal leaders must inevitably lead to an annexation. Sir JOHN MACDONALD has concluded, very reasonably, that if, as almost everybody believes, the Canadians are loyal, they will be most effectually persuaded to support him by the conviction that the policy of his opponents is leading directly to the disruption of the Empire. Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT may maintain that he and his party have no such ultimate object; but their arguments will be of small avail if the electors can be persuaded that the policy they prefer must infallibly lead to it. He who wishes the means will find it hard to prove that he does not also wish the end. Sir JOHN MACDONALD is not content with drawing deductions from his opponents' principles; he has actually accused them of distinct acts of "treason." The conduct which he describes by the name deserves it substantially, if not technically, supposing Sir JOHN to be right in his facts. It is something at least very like treason for British subjects to combine with the politicians of a foreign Power in the concoction of a scheme which has for its ultimate object the transfer of a portion of HER MAJESTY's dominions to another sovereignty. The fact that the transfer is to be effected by peaceful means does not alter the real character of the scheme. Of course the weak point in Sir JOHN MACDONALD's accusation is just the difficulty of proving that Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT and other Liberal leaders did go to Washington for this express purpose. As long as neither definite word nor act can be proved against them, Sir JOHN MACDONALD is, in fact, bringing against them a most undeniable *procès de tendance*. The piece of evidence on which he relies to fill up the blank in his indictment is, to be frank, not quite so convincing as the audience at Toronto, with the facility of belief natural to a

political meeting, took it to be. Mr. FARRER's pamphlet only proves, after all, that there is in Toronto an Irish Canadian who holds certain opinions, and is, with all the usual loyalty of a certain stamp of his countrymen, prepared to carry them into practice. But there is no evidence, though there may be some probability, that Mr. FARRER speaks for the Liberal party. In all probability the production of this gentleman's manuscript pamphlet is not meant to do more than bring home to every Canadian the sense of the fact that at the next general election he will be voting for or against the unity of the Empire. Sir JOHN MACDONALD, who knows his countrymen, is obviously convinced that it will serve his purpose. If he is right, the election will turn on the patriotic issue. That will make it particularly interesting, and the result will supply some guidance as to the spirit in which the negotiations, which both parties are bound to open with the United States, will be conducted.

BRIGANDS IN LIQUIDATION.

YESTERDAY'S impression of the *Times* contained, in its Irish report, a paragraph which will be read with mixed feelings by politicians of various parties. Thus it ran:—

A large number of tenants on the Portumna portion of Lord Clanricarde's property met the agent, Mr. Tener, yesterday, and arranged with him a settlement in regard to their evicted holdings. Each tenant acted for himself, and sought to make the best possible terms. The reasons for the tenants breaking away from the Plan of Campaign were—first, the split in the Irish party; and, second, the letter which they received recently from the National League, Dublin, informing them that their monthly grants would indefinitely cease.

It is, perhaps, a little harsh to describe the action of the tenants in these circumstances as "breaking away from the Plan of Campaign." It is the Plan itself which is breaking away from—or breaking down under—them; and, with bankruptcy staring it and them in the face, fidelity becomes Quixotism. The Portumna tenants, moreover, are only doing what some of the Tipperary tenants have already done, and more are preparing to do, and what there is now good ground for hoping will be done by other hitherto subsidized repudiators of their contracts in other parts of Ireland. For everything at the moment points to the probability that "*id quod audit* 'the Plan of Campaign'" will not live much longer to hear itself described as anything, or to present difficulties hard to be wrestled with by Pontifical Latinity. Unless some unexpected piece of luck turns up, that agreeable little company of broad-clothed brigands which formed itself some four years ago, and prevailed upon Mr. GLADSTONE and his principal colleagues to "join the Board after allotment," will undoubtedly have to go into liquidation. The "split," as the Portumna boys regretfully remark, has been the cause of it all. In the "afternoon of life," to adapt a well-known item of fashionable intelligence from an admired poetic novelist, the Dishonest has wedded the Quarrelsome; and the offspring is, or promises to be, Smash-up.

Can the disaster be averted or not? That is now the question which is painfully absorbing the attention of Mr. MCCARTHY and his friends; and it is clear that not even the most sanguine among them will venture to determine it with any confidence in the alternative. The position is obviously most critical. Supplies have stopped; the money in hand is locked up by the dispute as to its legitimate ownership; and, worse than all, there is now a feeling that the plan of liberating and dividing certain portions of it by agreement does not work satisfactorily. The last (and first) experiment of this kind had an unfortunate issue. A sum of 8,000*l.* was set free; five-eighths of it handed over to the Campaigners, the rest to the National League for the benefit of evicted tenants. But the League used most of their 3,000*l.* to pay off their overdrafts to their bankers, which was loudly denounced as a fraud on the arrangement—until it was discovered that the Campaigners had done the same thing. And now Mr. MCCARTHY declines to "play any more" unless future moneys are handed over to the Tenants' Defence Association; and Mr. GILL bursts into tears at the implied distrust of WILLIAM O'BRIEN; and the Anti-Parnellites indignantly repel the imputation of having made any imputation on the honour of WILLIAM O'BRIEN, and are assured that WILLIAM O'BRIEN "needs no assurance of their absolute confidence in his integrity," or of their determination to "cherish" WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S "honour as their own." Nevertheless

"it is particularly requested that amounts already collected for the support of the evicted tenants may be sent without delay to the Tenants' Defence Association." The patriots of the two opposing factions, in short, are as ready as ever to puff each other, to weep over each other, to butter each other, to do anything, in short, except trust one another. Even if they could, however, the difficulties of the situation would remain almost untouched, for the money to be divided will not go very far. More is absolutely required, and that soon, if the conspiracy is to escape the inevitable winding-up order; and hence the hurried resolution just passed by the Parnellites to keep Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR in America with the bat, sending him out two coadjutors on the work of going round with it, and to despatch Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN and Mr. COX on a similar mission to Australia. The scheme is not hopeful in itself, and it looks like the last device of men with whom the last remnant of hope is giving way to despair.

BROADSWORD.

MR. NOAKES, a warrant-officer at the Aldershot Gymnasium, who delights to pose before the public under the somewhat resonant title of "Chief Instructor to the British Army," and whose articles in the *Gymnasium* of December and January we have already had occasion to notice, therein recommended to his admirers the perusal of a book entitled *Broadsword*, by Colonel F. Vere-Wright, which purports to be a translation of that part of Signor Masiello's *La Scherma Italiana di Spada e di Sciabola* which relates to the use of the sabre. Although we cannot confess to being admirers either of Mr. Noakes's taste or of his literary style, we have acted on his advice, and have carefully read the work he champions.

We are at one with Colonel Vere-Wright in his advocacy, in which he by no means stands alone, of the substitution of a light sabre for the singletstick in our schools of arms; but we much fear that the expense involved in the regular use of the steel weapon will militate against its general adoption; it is, however, to be regretted that the author should have introduced himself to his English readers by a preface which is remarkable only for a most un-English attack on all in general, and on one in particular, of the most renowned French masters of the day. He informs us that "Amateurs have beat [*sic*] the most renowned maitre [*sic*] d'armes of the day, at [*sic*] Paris, Turin, and Brussels, M. L. Merignac among the number, who at the International Exhibition last year (1888), at his special request, fenced with chalked foils, and to his bitter disgust received thirteen hits to his own three." Such is the deliberate statement of Colonel Vere-Wright; its grammar, its generosity, its appositeness, are all on a par, and, since he quotes no authority for it, we must conclude that he, and he alone, is responsible for its consistency with facts.

The translation of the first paragraph, which appears on p. 16, is singularly incomplete. Masiello here speaks of the "false edge," but Colonel Vere-Wright ignores it altogether, and he further gives the weight and dimensions of the weapon in Italian "grammi" and "centimetri," which must be not a little puzzling to the ordinary English reader. In paragraph 3 he prescribes that the movements of the point should be governed specially by the muscles of the shoulder; and this he emphasizes in paragraph 35, where he deals with the "disengage point," which he executes by "*making a pivot of the shoulder*" (this is the great principle of this school, instead of twisting [*sic*] the wrist, whether it be with the foil or the broadsword). This is, indeed, new to us; we always thought that the point should be directed by the fingers, supported by the wrist; and, to the light sabre recommended by Colonel Wright, this "*doigté*" or finger-play is especially applicable. He tells us further that the cuts should be governed by the elbow seconded by the wrist; we think he should have reversed this order, and have told us to execute them with the wrist, seconded by the elbow. In paragraph 4 we are directed, in the "first position," to stand with the knees stiff [*sic*]; and in paragraph 6, on the same page, "sword in line" is executed by "raising the sword with stiff arm," &c. Now, anything approaching to stiffness is so utterly subversive of success in the handling of *armes blanches*, that we feel obliged to turn for further information to the Italian text, where we find the words "*le ginocchia sono tese*," and "*braccio disteso*." We must point out that the terms "*teso*" and "*disteso*" mean simply "extended," while the word "*stiff*" of the English version is equally applicable to the limbs, whether bent or straight; and thus Colonel Wright, thanks to his ignorance as a translator, has distinctly misrepresented the meaning of the original author. In paragraph 9 he proceeds to define the "guard," which is "intended to be that position of the body and sword" "most advantageous for either attack or defence." And in paragraph 20 he describes a parry as "any movement whether of sword or body that avoids or guards a blow" (are we to infer from this latter that to turn tail and run for it is as creditable a performance as to stop the blow with the sword?); and, having given us these two distinct definitions, he, in

the self-same paragraph 20, hopelessly confuses them by rendering the Italian "parata" as "guard," and in the paragraph which immediately follows this blunder is repeated no less than nine times.

The "invites," on which much stress is laid, are nothing more than large openings intentionally discovered in the hope of attracting an attack, and in his description of them Colonel Wright again misrepresents Masiello by persisting in his "stiff" arm, the fatigue occasioned by which should be evident to any who have devoted themselves to the study of either sabre or small sword.

As to the "circles" (*molinelli*) the word "circle," as here used, is a somewhat unfortunate one, as English readers are liable to confound it with the "counter," as a substitute for which term certain writers have heretofore employed it. Moreover, these movements are not circles at all, but only parts of circles, and if performed as Messrs. Masiello and Wright prescribe, they would teach the beginner nothing better than to deliver such heavy, chopping blows as would come naturally from the hand of a lusty novice. Call them what you will, whether "circles," "molinelli," or "moulinets," we certainly prefer the continuous wrist movements advocated by the Italian masters Cesarano of Naples and Parise of Rome, by the French military school, and by the English experts Roworth, Sir Richard Burton (who studied in Italy), and Captain Hutton.

The culminating defect, however, of the Masiello-Wright Treatise is their *lunge*, which they effect with the trunk thrown forward in such a manner that the "body and left leg form a diagonal line." This is precisely the form of *lunge* advanced by the late Archibald MacLaren in his *System of Fencing*, which was adopted by the Horse Guards in 1862, but which, thanks to the untiring exertions of Captain George Chapman, the famous Secretary of the London Fencing Club, was corrected by a circular memorandum from the Adjutant-General's Office in 1865. Captain Chapman's main objections to it were:—1st. It is most ungraceful in appearance. 2nd. It throws the fencer off his balance. 3rd. It surrenders his sword arm to his antagonist's grasp. 4th. It exposes his head to his opponent's point. 5th. It prevents the fencer from recovering with ease and safety to the position of defence. 6th. It deranges his sword arm, so that while recovering he cannot parry the antagonist's return attack. 7th. It precludes the opposition of the blade. 8th. It confuses the mind, for in lowering the head the passing action of the combat is lost to the eye. Lastly, if the bust be lowered in lunging, it must be raised in recovering, a double action attended with great risk. Most fencers, even the most skilful, are apt in the eagerness of attack, or from momentary loss of nerve, to throw themselves forward, but this most dangerous habit cannot be too sharply denounced or too carefully guarded against.

Captain Chapman, in corroboration of what he advances, cites the opinions of such writers as Angelo, Demeuse, La Boessière, Roland, Gomard, Grisier, Robaglia, and Cordelois, and we ourselves, had we the space, could quote many others, Italians among them, whose works have appeared since Captain Chapman's admirable pamphlet was written.

No Italian work on the sabre that we know of is quite fit to be adopted *en bloc* in our English schools, for the simple reason that the Italians, in common with many other Continental teachers, ignore the existence of the legs to such a degree that they teach neither cut nor parry for any part below the waist, although there are many books in that language from which much that is useful may, with judgment, be culled. Colonel Vere-Wright's *Broadsword*, however, is scarcely one of these; its more salient defects we have pointed out, and as regards Mr. Noakes's advocacy of it as a work of reference, from his evident ignorance of them he appears to have made himself no better acquainted with the contents of *Broadsword* than he has with those of *Cold Steel*.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

WE are always inclined to pity the penny-a-liner who is abused for using long words and sonorous periods. When a man is paid precariously by the piece, it is not in human nature not to give good measure; and, moreover, the reporter takes a natural pride in playing with language he scarcely understands. But we have far less patience with the professional leader-writer or public speaker who is always ready to use a stock phrase in season and out of season, and sparkles in stage tinsel and false diamonds. How some of these mock epigrams ever should have hit the popular fancy, Heaven only knows! As for the publicists who give them currency, we are reminded of old Johnson growling at "barren rascals," and of Borrow's Lavengro in the Bond Street hotel. Lavengro, who has come to town as a literary adventurer, laden with philological lore and translations of the Sagas, is taken aback by the brilliancy and the beautiful English of the morning journals. At a second reading his literary instincts show him that the work is mechanical, and that there is much more knack than talent in it. The best excuse for the leader-writers is that they are writing against time, often on slips supplied by instalments, and that they must turn out so many inches of readable matter before the paper goes to press. Take, for instance, that most wearisome "measurable distance."

Originally it really meant nothing, for every distance is measurable. But it was Mr. Gladstone who shot that arrow at a venture, and forthwith it was vulgarized and reproduced by the gross, like some fancy article *à la mode* that has at least the charm of eccentricity. How any man can repeat it without blushing nowadays must be a matter between himself and his conscience. A greater statesman than Mr. Gladstone once used a homely but singularly happy metaphor. Bismarck spoke of the Parisians stewing in their own juice when the cauldron of Paris encircled by its fortifications was simmering under the slow but steady German fire. Subsequently the metaphor was promiscuously misapplied to all possible situations; and notably to the Egyptians, who, living along a watercourse and in an irrigated Delta, have no boundaries but the limitless desolation of their deserts. To leave severely alone is another favourite bit of clap-trap; and so is fighting out a quarrel to the bitter end. If there was any wit originally in the "severely" or the "bitter," surely it must long ago have lost its savour. Yet even in stock expressions there are distinctions to be drawn. Now and then we have one which is very generally applicable and pregnant with political sagacity, as was Abe Lincoln's famous *dictum* about the folly of swapping horses when crossing a stream.

Then as to the graceful and felicitous quotations which used to point and embellish old-fashioned oratory. The days are gone by when the leader of the Government could perorate into a magnificent quotation from the classics, to be capped and answered by the chief of the Opposition, who opened a telling reply by simply giving the context. The House cheered the quick counter-hit to the echo, and at least professed to appreciate the passage-at-arms; for at that time scholarship was supposed to be creditable. Wyndham loved his Homer, and the feats of the Homeric heroes are better than bull-baiting or a main of cocks; and Fox, after fabulous losses at the faro table, was discovered sitting in dressing gown and slippers and consoling himself with the philosophy of Cicero. Now, with rare exceptions to prove the rule, the average politician knows nothing of letters. He has neither inclination nor leisure for such futile and impractical pursuits. Even Shakespeare and Milton, to say nothing of Gray, with their inexhaustible repertoires of wise saws and ancient instances, are sealed books to the Radical representatives of manufacturing constituencies and to the delegates and ex-delegates of the uncrowned king who sit for the bogtrotting Celtic constituencies. Yet the old tradition lingers and is kept alive by scholarly statesmen like Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone. When a pat and humorous quotation chances to come within the public comprehension, it is shamelessly stolen and paraded as a fresh discovery on provincial platforms. We think it was Sir William Harcourt, (to do him justice, more at home in literature than in law) who compared Mr. Chamberlain to the immortal captain who fled full soon on the twelfth of June, but bade the rest keep fighting. For the next few weeks we seldom opened a provincial journal without coming upon the passage in the report of some political meeting, and, as it was always pretty safe to fetch the farmers and the mechanics, it had a run like a comic song in the music-halls.

Indeed, without being hypercritical, it is difficult not to hold our public luminaries rather cheap, at least in their social and unofficial aspects. Look at the Law Courts. Dignity is one thing and dulness another. If a judge chooses to sit smileless, as the stern incarnation of unsmiling justice, like Sir James Hannen when he presided over the Special Commission, there is nothing to be said, save that he is a model of decorum. But if a judge decides to unbend, he should recognize his solemn responsibilities and be really witty. If we go by the old legal biographies, and by more recent reminiscences of the Bench and Bar; if we refer to Horace Twiss's *Life of Lord Eldon*, to Lord Campbell on the Chancellors, to the late Sir Frederick Pollock, and to many another memoir-writer, we should say that the ancient circuits were schools of brilliant jocularity; and in the swift interchange of puns between intellectual gladiators very cunning of fence, not unfrequently the foils broke short off and gave a wound. The legal humourist raised to the Bench took his reputation as a dangerous swordsman along with him, and kept his Court in hand by sarcasm and repartee. Many a good legal story has been told of judges like Mr. Justice Maule, when rejecting unreasonable applications and satirizing untenable arguments. They loved appreciation, but resented applause. Now the typically facetious magistrate, above all when he is sitting in County Courts or in the metropolitan police Courts, seems to behave like a preacher in the pulpit or the proverbial bull in the china-shop. He knows that he has it all his own way, and, like the autocratic Johnson, when out of humour with the company, he abuses his supremacy to toss and to gore. He points a commonplace with a smile, meant to show, as Artemus Ward says, that it is meant sarcastic, or he indulges in somewhat unfeeling personalities at the expense of a frightened witness or a nervous junior counsel. There may be no great venom in the wit of "the worthy magistrate," but it is sure to provoke a burst of laughter from his parasites and knock its unfortunate victim altogether out of time. The best story of the kind is the very familiar one of the judge who encouraged a timid young counsel, who had three times made a false start, stuttering out "my unfortunate client," and was assured that so far the Court was with him. But, though the judge behaved in that case with cold-blooded cruelty, we can conceive him yielding to the irresistible temptation of making a jest that would be remembered *in secula seculorum*. But *Punch* would assuredly suspend on his adunc nose the *mots* which

every day have magnificent success at the Old Bailey or in Westminster.

A propos to distances, measurable or immeasurable, we are reminded of the new Siberian railway. It is a sufficiently big thing even for the big Empire of the Czar, for the Grand Trunk line is to run from the Ural Mountains to the Sea of Okhotsk, over a distance roughly estimated at between 6,000 and 7,000 miles. We assume that the Government will undertake the financing, but the Board of Administration has its troubles before it. In making its arrangements for traffic, and in contracting for rolling stock, it can hardly be guided by precedents. Hitherto the Siberians have been left to "stew in their own juice," to shiver and starve, and struggle along anyhow, in their own cold and solitude. The population may be roughly divided into millionaires, nomad savages, peasants, miners, aboriginal forest-tribes, practising mysterious pagan rites, and convicted, or at least transported, exiles. Neither nomads, nor pagans, nor peasants can write; the convicts are not permitted to correspond; and, considering that the Tomsk and Irkutsk letters may be made up in a sack or so, postal sorting-vans will be a superfluity. There need be no mechanical arms chucking out ponderous mail-bags, as the train passes isolated stations in the swamps or the steppes. Indeed it is probable that, with a population that knows nothing of the value of time, neither in pace nor in punctuality will the Siberian line be greatly superior to our own South-Eastern. But the question of carriage accommodation will be important. As there is no middle class in Siberia, there need be no second-class coaches. The millionaires who have made their money by mining, timber, or the corn-trade, who import their grand pianos, with their Veuve Clicquot, from Paris, and their cabinets and pier-glasses from Vienna, will insist on travelling by Pullman car. Of course, the chief Government officials will claim similar privileges, without going through the formality of paying. There will be rolling restaurants and sliding card-tables. Lavatories may be dispensed with, and beds to boot; since most of the travellers are in the habit of lying down in their day costume, simply enveloping themselves in the most costly furs. Consequently there need be little water laid on, so long as the restaurateur keeps an ample supply of champagne and strong liquors. His customers, who pride themselves on vulgar profusion, will care little what he charges, and it will be the policy of a Government which discourages foreign tourists to approve a scale of exorbitant prices. Should the Western visitor go economically third class, it will say much for his courage and spirit of enterprise. He will probably be packed into an hermetically-sealed and springless truck scented with fiery vodka and rank tobacco, among respectable but fanatical devotees of the Greek Church suffering from chronic cutaneous diseases, swarming with vermin, and wearing the tattered sheep- or wolf-skins that have become heirlooms in their families over successive strata of woollens that have never been washed or changed. As for the convicts, who will contribute materially to the passenger returns, we hardly know whether they are to be congratulated on the change or not. It is true they will be jolted in three weeks by rail over ground that would have taken them six months to cover on foot. In so far their sufferings will be shortened. But then, considering what awaited them at their destination, there was no special object in reaching it quickly. The long walk and the crack of the Cossack's whip kept the blood in circulation; it gave them a certain excitement; and there were occasionally fair chances of escape. At any rate, they were always cheered by the idea that they might give their guardians leg-bail, and get away without being speared or shot down. In future, we suspect, they will be transported in an inferior kind of dog-box, secured by chains and collars, a helpless prey to cramp as well as to thirst and hunger. The march of mechanical science may dispense with the Cossack, never thoroughly at home except in the saddle, who, though fierce and brutal, after all was human, and a Gatling gun or Nordenfeldt may be ingeniously adjusted on a point to rake the carriage and annihilate the Nihilists at the slightest symptom of disturbance in its miscellaneous contents. We cannot pretend to forecast the fortunes of Siberia, but not impossibly the Government may contract with the Company to carry those troublesome Jews into a new captivity beyond rivers more remote from Zion than the Euphrates; and if the Americans could consign the superfluous niggers to the same genial latitudes, the problems of settling up these solitudes would be solved.

AMONG THE KURDS.

III.

THE little caravan is in doubt and danger in the wilderness. The English traveller and his two Arab followers are unable to go forward; to remain is perilous. A clattering of hoofs up the stony road, and the caravan receives the doubtful addition of two rifle-bearing Kurds, bristling with formidable knives and huge antique pistols. They throw themselves off their sweating steeds, and sit down to share the tea with which the forlorn travellers are refreshing themselves. This use of the present tense may be criticized as slipshod; let us resume, therefore, the more exact historical narrative. Our visitors were not exactly strangers; they had made themselves somewhat more officious in

their attentions than the other retainers of Mahmoud Pasha's household. They now said they had been sent by the Pasha to protect his guests from the robbers of the wilderness; no unlikely or unwelcome news, as not far away were the graves (noted in our upward journey) of five unhappy travellers whose murderers and robbers go unpunished. The two Kurds proposed spending the night at a Kurdish encampment which they said was close by. They took the caravan in charge, guided it through a valley and over a hill, and came down upon a straggling collection of tents and booths by the side of a little stream. Mahmoud Pasha's mandate was put in force, and the rough peasants, men and women, were set to work boiling rice and broiling fowls, and bringing fodder. Never in our travels have we met with such an evening's entertainment at a Kurdish encampment. The Pasha's authority, enforced by his henchmen, did not absolve us from liberal payment for our entertainment. Our worthy escort even succeeded in coaxing or compelling our hosts to produce a bottle of arrack—which, between the two, was drained to the last drop. The great mounds and ruins of Gaura Kala were hard by, looming vast and mysterious under the star-lit sky. But we were weary, and they could not tempt us. So we went to sleep in a Kurdish tent.

Next day, on the road to Sulimanieh, the caravan came to where a lonely track led off to the mountains on the left. Here, at the parting of the roads, our two protectors halted and started an animated discussion which ended, to our astonishment, in a violent quarrel. We left them reviling each other, and then the Mukhari (who had a limited acquaintance with the Kurdish tongue) drove up his mules, and bade us make haste. His account of the matter was that one of the pair was urgent to beguile the caravan into the mountains and appropriate the animals and baggage, but the other declined to take the risk, urging the wrath of the all-powerful Pasha. The would-be robber (and probable assassin) rode off in a furious rage (judging from his pace), and when the more honourable worthy overtook the caravan, we were careful to betray no curiosity as to the cause of quarrel, and he vouchsafed no information. It was time to get rid of him. Sulimanieh was already in sight, and as he evidently wished to avoid that town, he took his dismissal with a good grace, and went off with a small *bakheesh* by way of acknowledgment of his services. It was not easy to fathom the motives of these two men. They brought with them a spare horse, for which we could not account until the morning after their joining the caravan, when they mounted a Persian who appeared from somewhere. He was a taciturn man, and rode by the side of the caravan in silence; he took no part in the quarrel, and dropped behind before our champion regained the caravan. Ali did not profess to believe that the Pasha had sent these men, and we by no means felt sure that we had seen the last of them.

It seemed prudent, under the circumstances, not to enter Sulimanieh. A supply of provisions was absolutely necessary, so, a council being held, it was decided to halt a few hours in the vicinity; and, instead of returning by the Kara Dag, find some other route if possible, so as to throw our Hallebecha friends off the scent should they have plotted to waylay us. Maps were consulted, and a circuitous route through a valley north of the Kara Dag range seemed feasible. It would bring us out on the caravan road somewhere south of Nineveh. Recent experience might have proved the futility of trusting to maps in this harried and devastated country. But the choice between two evils remained, and hunger and toil seemed preferable to the risk of falling into the hands of Kurdish robbers. After a night spent in a deserted hut outside the walls of Sulimanieh, a long day's march over dreary hill and dale, without a sign on the desolate prospect to cheer the weary travellers with hopes of rest and refreshment, brought us to where (according to the map) a village ought to have stood. A few savage-looking Kurds, driving camels or laden asses, whom we met on the road, stared in response to our inquiries for Bazian (the name of the lost village), and hurried on muttering some brief and surly remark in an uncouth jargon. At last, determined to have information even if common civility was not to be had, we laid hold of a couple of Kurds driving camels, and with a great show of resolution extracted from the reluctant and astonished boors a few grudging replies to our questions. Bazian was not in existence, had long since been wiped off the face of the earth in some freebooting foray, and no man cared to till the soil of that land of sorrow and trouble. There are no inhabitants in the land where years ago there were thriving villages. Late at night we came to a little stream, and a few tents were discovered not far off. Straw for the hungry beasts was all that the tents could furnish in the way of supplies. Our wallets furnished a frugal meal, and we slept a few hours in the open, taking turns at keeping guard over the camp. Interminable ranges of hills and deep valleys between them, all bare and silent, followed. Where the tableland begins to drop towards the plains the wild confusion of tossed and tumbled mountain masses trends away to the south-west, towards the distant summit of the Kara Dag. Carcasses of horses and camels were strewn along the path, from which the gorged and hideous vultures lazily hopped aside until the caravan had passed on its way. Chamchaman, a miserable village, nestles in squalor and filth at the foot of a great isolated rock rising out of the middle of a broken plain; the summit of the rock is crowned by a dilapidated Turkish fort. As we passed through the village the few ragged Turkish soldiers were vainly endeavouring to quell a tumult that had arisen over some bargaining

or thieving transaction. The rioters hardly desisted from their bawling at each other to stare at the strangers.

A long, deep, winding valley descends towards the plains, and presents an agreeable change to the desolate sterility of the high tableland. At the bottom is a brawling mountain stream; along the banks, and in the marshy ground at the bottom of the valley, the little patches of rice cultivation show a bright golden green where the crops have just been reaped. The rice of this valley is famous far and near. Further on are gardens, lovely oases of dark verdure at the bottom of the valley and high up in the depths of the mountain gorges; everywhere clear springs of water well out of the mountain sides and trickle into the stream below. The gardens are chiefly of figs and mulberries. There is a Kurdish village perched at the summit of the pass, where the road leads over the mountain slope. These mountain peasants were less churlish than usual in Kurdistan, and in the little mud enclosure of one of the huts we regaled ourselves on a plentiful supply of grapes and water-melons. A low range of limestone hills borders the level country, which, being surmounted, the little town of Tauck is reached on the (comparatively) safe and frequented caravan road. Here are bazars, coffee-houses, and khans, accompaniments of an Oriental civilization which Ali and the muleteer hail with great joy. And here, once more, they look upon the familiar date groves which, when absent from the scene, are a constant reminder to them that they are exiles in a foreign land.

The magnificent plain stretches to the south and away to the west. Flocks of gazelle speed over the surface in the distance, like the shadow of some fleeting cloud. After the toilsome and dangerous mountain-paths of Kurdistan, it is delightful and exhilarating to ride over that boundless expanse under the clear October sky. The groves of Tuzkurmati rise like a dark streak on the distant horizon; they promise shade and refreshment, but the wretched town which they encircle presents the same abject picture of desolation and decay as all other inhabited places in this wasted land. Leaving Tuzkurmati in the dark before dawn, the Mukhari again led the caravan astray, as he had done on many previous occasions. The memory of that long weary march, and of that long weary day, will always linger in the traveller's memory. Day broke on the caravan to find it entangled in a labyrinth of low winding valleys; emerging at last, we find a great unknown plain, stretching away to the horizon on either hand. The numerous flocks of gazelle spoke of a solitude where man had rarely encroached. Kifri ought to lie in the east, and in the eastward we found it, and rode jaded and hungry through its north gate at sunset. And here the faithful Ali succumbs to the toils and exposure of the road; so while we halt to nurse him through a bad attack of fever, we receive a welcome visit from our old friend and host, the Kurdish chief of Ibrahim Khanchi, who had heard of our arrival, and had ridden two days' journey into Kifri to see us. Who has explained, or can explain, the way in which news flies through this country, devoid even of roads—what is the system of telegraphy by which distance and want of communication seem to be annihilated no less than by the electric wire? Not only had the Sheikh heard of our arrival ere we had hardly reached Kifri, but he knew all that had happened at Hallebecha under Mahmoud Pasha's roof. His explanation corroborated what Ali had learned or suspected on the spot, and whose account had hitherto met with but faint credence—much as we had learned to rely on his astuteness and sagacity. The Sheikh discovered our resting-place, a ruinous and deserted khan near the Baghdad gate, and sat down to breakfast—a cheery, genial companion, who made himself merry over our adventures in his native wilds, and spoke of his fellow-countrymen as bores, who knew not how to render the rites of hospitality to such "distinguished strangers" as ourselves. "Those meddlesome Osmanlis," said he, "tried to make Mahmoud believe that you were a Russian spy masquerading in the disguise of an Englishman. Mahmoud did not believe them, and he is too good a man to betray a guest, even for the sake of currying favour with the Dowlah. He was constrained for your safety to turn you back from the frontier, but he was, and is, your friend, I know well. The men who followed you meant mischief, but your rapid travelling brought you too near Sulimanieh before they could overtake you. They doubtless lay in wait for you in the Kara Dag. *Al Hamd-ul-Ilah!* you escaped the scoundrels, but Mahmoud shall hear of the treacherous slaves." Here, then, was a sufficient explanation of some of our troubles. We were evidently debtors to Providence more than to any human skill or foresight. The object of this journey into the wilds of Kurdistan had not been attained, though it certainly had nothing to do with any deep or crooked design of politics. The Sheikh knew and respected the motive, and pressed us to return on a future occasion and be his guests; he promised to conduct us himself to Mahmoud and gain for us the protection of that powerful chieftain. It was something, at least, to have gained the confidence of this enlightened Kurdish chief, whose friendship was more than mere formal phrases of courtesy.

At Kara Tepe our former Kurdish hostess was quite profuse in her demonstrations of welcome. The return to comparative security and plenty was not less evident than welcome; the peasant's mud hut seemed absolute luxury after the hardships of Kurdistan. At Deli Abbas we chanced upon a welcome and unexpected meeting with the most charming of Arab companions, young Abdul Ghani, a scion of a famous race that has given scholars and heroes to Arab story. He had come with an elder

brother to spend a few autumn days at a farm belonging to the latter. Mules were soon laden up again. The two genial Arab gentlemen, their half a score of mounted retainers, the Circassian police officer, and our own caravan filed out of the little town in a picturesque procession. A two hours' pleasant ride across the plain brought us to the walled and fortified enclosure containing the country residence and farm buildings of our hosts. This and the following day passed in delightful fashion, in the enjoyment of the good cheer of our hospitable friends; resting after the toils of travel on Persian rugs spread on the shady side of the spacious courtyard, and discussing some of the many questions on which the sceptical Arab intellect of Abdul Ghani had pondered, unsatisfied and straitened by a narrow creed. The lore of Arabic, Persian, and Turkish literature is familiar to him, and his thirst to drink at the forbidden sources of a more enlightened science is at variance with the self-complacent Moslem faith. The elder brother is the practical farmer. All day long he sat among his fellahin, allotting to each his share of the labours of the farm. The ploughing season was at hand; each man brings a couple of oxen and a plough, and receives an advance of money and seed, which is deducted from his share of the crop at the harvest in the spring.

It was a pleasant ending, among friends, of a toilsome journey, in which our steps had been beset by suspicion and danger.

THE DANCING MASTER.

AS persons interested in the glory of British literature, we are bound to welcome a new pamphlet, entitled *A Real Lesson in Waltzing*, by Mr. Edward Scott, which is nicely bound in cloth; as proficient in the study of the ludicrous, we cannot help regretting its appearance. For Mr. Edward Scott has destroyed the excellent and hitherto unbroken tradition that, whenever a person wrote a little book of this character, he or she wrote something both delightfully absurd and hopelessly unpractical. Mr. Scott, on the other hand, though he was once absurd enough, was never quite unpractical, and now, alas! he has even lost most of his absurdity. It may be that for the latter said result the *Saturday Review* is not altogether irresponsible; but for the hideous knowledge of his subject which he displays, and his knack of expressing himself, though somewhat clumsily, still correctly, Mr. Scott is alone responsible.

The present treatise consists of a brief conversation, in dramatic form, between "Professor X." and two young persons to whom he is endeavouring to impart the art and mystery of waltzing, and who are, presumably for greater propriety, supposed to be brother and sister—an arrangement which has the further advantage that they have no scruple in pointing out the defects in each other's style of dancing with the charming frankness rarely found outside a family circle. The Professor indicates the views of Mr. Scott; and those views, as every one knows who knows how to dance, and has also studied Mr. Scott's previous works on the subject, are, in the main, and as far as they go, thoroughly sound. For instance, the Professor rightly insists, for his chief principle, that waltzing cannot be done right unless it is done right with the whole body; and that, if the bodies and arms go right, the legs and feet, with a little practice, will go right of themselves. He also insists upon the equally true and hardly less important proposition that, in the waltz, the two partners are dynamically to be considered as one body; and that each balances, or ought to balance, not only him- or herself, but also the other. So valuable are these truths, that we do not hesitate to make Mr. Scott a present of the further idea that a pretty close parallel may be worked out between waltzing and skating, and that for a dancing-master to confine his attentions to the mere steps of his pupils is as fatuous as it would be for a professor of skating to do the same thing. It is impossible to quarrel with Mr. Scott's Professor for introducing some laudatory references to the "Chorolistha," a dance invented by Mr. Scott, but not yet a customary variant to the waltzes, polkas, and lancers of the every-night ball programme; but it is only just to point out that he is in advance of his age about "reversing." This practice, as he admits, "is not considered good form in certain quarters"; but he says it is in others, and ought to be in all. The quarters, if any, in which "reversing" is considered "good form" are not quarters in which any of our readers are likely to dance much (or else are not to be found within the United Kingdom). It is true that, as a matter of art, if one were dancing for show or dancing for pleasure in a solitude *à deux*, reversing would be a variation of the proceedings with a good deal to be said for it. As things are, however, reversing in respectable ball-rooms causes collisions or perils of collision nine times out of ten, and so few couples can reverse with complete success, that in the tenth instance those who reverse invariably produce the impression that they are showing off at the expense of their less artful neighbours (which impression is usually correct). There cannot be complete success in reversing without a continual recollection of the fact that a reversing couple is like a ship on the starboard tack, and is bound to get so far out of the way of every couple not reversing as to allow them to hold their course unimpeded. Therefore, under existing circumstances, and at all places where more than three or four couples are gathered together, reversing is sin, and should not be practised in public.

AN ENGLISH HOUSE OF AUSTIN CANONS IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

EVERY Monastic Order possessed, in addition to the Rule, a *Consuetudinarium*, or Book of Observances. In these volumes were collected, under different heads, interpretations of the Rule handed down by oral tradition, the modes of obedience, and, not seldom, of evasion. The value of such collections, from an historical point of view, can hardly be exaggerated. If they be taken in connexion with each other, and with the existing remains of the religious houses to which they belong, the whole monastic system rises, as it were, out of its grave, and we are enabled to substitute real creatures of flesh and blood for those strange caricatures to which poets, novelists, and prejudiced or half-instructed historians have accustomed us. A *Consuetudinary* of the Augustinians, written in the Priory of Barnwell, near Cambridge, in 1296, has lately come to light in the British Museum. The discovery is specially valuable, as our knowledge of the mediæval constitution of this Order is curiously incomplete. Even the ground-plans of its houses, though numerous in England, are nearly all imperfect. It happens, too, that the MS. is rich in domestic details, instead of dealing, as such documents frequently do, almost exclusively with ritual. It takes us through the monastery, and prescribes, in the most minute manner, how the brethren are to behave in the church, the Dorter, the Frater, the Cloister, the Infirmary, and what are the specific duties of the principal officers. As might be expected, knowledge is assumed on many points which are obscure to us, and on which we should have been glad of fuller information; but, notwithstanding, it gives a graphic picture of the daily life of a great religious house. The compiler of the treatise was evidently a scholar and a man of letters, who wrote in a good Latin style, and enlivened dull details with a keen sense of humour.

After a preface, in which the value of observances in accordance with a Rule, and supplementary to it, is insisted upon, we are introduced to the officers of the house—the Prelate, or Prior, and his subordinates, or *Obedientiarii*. These are—the sub-Prior; the third Prior; the Precentor, or *Armarius* (Librarian), with his assistant, or *Succentor*; the Sacrist and sub-Sacrist; the Hall-Butler (*Refectorarius*), with his servant; the Chief Cellarer and the sub-Cellarer; the Kitchen-Steward (*Coquinarius*), with his assistant; the Steward of the Granary (*Granatorius*); the Receivers (*Receptores*), the number of whom is not specified; the Steward of the Guest-house (*Hospitarius*), with his servant; the Chamberlain (*Camerarius*); the Almoner; and the Master of the Infirmary (*Infirmarius*).

The Prelate was elected by the brethren, and had no doubt been one of themselves; but, once in office, he was to be treated with all the outward and visible signs of imperial dignity. No one was to pass before him without bending his head, or to sit in his presence without leave. A brother who handed anything to him in church or chapter was to kiss his hand, and sometimes to kneel. He alone decided what offences ought to be punished, and how; and from his decision there was no appeal. A brother who dined with him might not leave without a sign of dismissal. No one might go beyond the precincts of the monastery without his permission; or even speak, if commanded by him to be silent. He appointed the subordinate officers, and no one might decline an office if he were convinced of his fitness for it. On the other hand, his own obligations towards the brethren are forcibly insisted upon.

It is true that he has mounted to the highest point of honour, but he has to bear a great and weighty toll; and, according to the Rule, the higher his station the greater his danger. . . . In giving help he shall be a father, in giving instruction a teacher. He shall be careful always to help those who are striving, to visit the sick, to stimulate the indifferent, to rouse the sleepy, and to study with paternal solicitude the character and actions of all the brethren, always remembering that he will have to render an account of them to God.

The Prelate was to be allowed a separate chamber for use during the day, but it is insisted upon more than once that he was not to lead a secluded life, but continually to exhibit himself to his flock; to take his meals as a rule in the Frater with the rest of the brethren; to sleep in the Dorter with them; to be present in the church at the Hours, and to say Mass on certain feasts; to preside at Chapter; to visit every part of the house, and see that the brethren were at work and behaving properly; to observe the rule of silence, and the customs generally. He was not allowed, however, to do anything menial; not even to give the signal to awake the brethren in the Dorter.

The sub-Prior was chosen by the Prelate; but, unlike the other officers, could only be removed with the consent of what is called the *pars senior*—a phrase which evidently denotes the elder brethren. He acted as the Prelate's deputy, and also as his subordinate in certain duties. He woke the brethren in the morning, and he locked up the house at night, taking the keys with him into the Dorter. He is frequently called Warden of the Order; and it was his business generally to make things work smoothly, and to stand between the brethren and the Prelate, "like a mother between father and sons." The third Prior was the suffragan of the sub-Prior. His special duty was the above-mentioned perambulation of the house, to which great importance was evidently attached, as it is insisted upon in the duties of the three chief officers.

In matters temporal the Prelate depended mainly on the Chief Cellarer, who combined the duties of the senior and junior bursar

of a college, and must have had his hands full when the house was a large one; for not only was he responsible for the purchase of stores of all kinds, but for the condition of the estates and manors. Such duties had but little in common with the claustral life; and, therefore, he is reminded that he must attend the Hours and hear Mass, and restrain his zeal for gain within due limits. Still, on occasion, he may make the best of both worlds.

He ought on no account to enter into any transaction for sale at an advanced price with the view of making a profit, nor should he buy anything as a tradesman would; but he may be allowed, as a prudent man, to keep the property of the monastery in hand, both food for cattle and corn that is offered for sale, until a favourable opportunity presents itself, and then to dispose of it for the benefit of the Church, without committal of sin.

The Chief Cellarer was assisted by the Steward of the Granary, a prototype of the modern agent. It was his business to visit the property, report on its condition, and take the rents in conjunction with the Receivers.

The church and its services were managed by the Precentor, the Sacrist, and the sub-Sacrist. The two latter officers were the guardians of the church, and were never allowed to leave it. They took their meals in it and slept in it. The Precentor had charge of the services, and was responsible for the selection of the chanters, the preparation of the weekly "table," or notice-board, and the proper marshalling of processions. Besides these permanent officers there was also a priest selected for each week, called *Hebdomadarius*. The Precentor was also the Librarian (*Armarius*). His duties under this head are thus described:—

He is to take charge of the books of the church, which he ought to keep, and to know under their separate titles; and he should frequently examine them carefully to prevent any damage or injury from insects or decay. He ought also, at the beginning of Lent in each year, to show them to the brethren in the chapter-house, when the souls of those who have given them to the church, or of the brethren who have written them, and laboured over them, ought to be absolved, and a service be held for them in the community. He ought also to hand to the brethren the books which they see occasion to use, and to enter on his roll their titles, and the names of those who receive them. These, when required, are bound to give surety for the volumes they receive.

All writings made in connexion with the church belong to his office; so that he has to provide the writers with parchment, ink, and everything else necessary for writing; and to hire those who write for money.

The press in which the books are kept ought to be lined inside with wood, that the damp of the walls may not moisten, or spoil, the books. This press should be divided vertically as well as horizontally by sundry shelves, on which the books may be ranged so as to be separated from one another, for fear they be packed so close as to injure each other, and delay those who want to use them. Further, as the books ought to be mended, pointed, and taken care of by the *Armarius*, so they ought to be bound by him.

We will next trace the daily occupations of the brethren. They were awakened at midnight by sound of bell, and descended to the church, one of the younger brethren leading the way with a lantern, and said Matins. After this they returned to bed. At break of day they were again awakened, and, "after washing their hands and combing their hair"—nothing, it will be observed, being said about their faces—they went again to church for Prime. This was succeeded by the Mass of the Blessed Virgin, and the morning or Chapter Mass, after which the whole community assembled in the chapter-house. What a curious scene it must have been! To a certain extent the meeting resembled that of a College Council, for we read of sealing deeds, cancelling or granting bonds, and the like; but, besides this, there was the "secret business" of the Chapter, when the conduct of the brethren during the previous twenty-four hours was examined, information of misconduct received, and punishment inflicted then and there. Sentence was pronounced by the Prelate, and from his decision there was no appeal:—

When a sentence for the amendment of faults is read, no one ought to offer any defence of an accused brother, or even to speak unless called upon. No disturbance, no wrangling, no resistance, ought there to be seen—nothing but humility, by which all the other virtues are protected and cherished. When temporal business is there discussed, the younger brethren ought to agree with the opinions of their elders, and not break forth into expressions of contradiction or objection; but, should the spirit of wisdom and intelligence sometimes touch their hearts, let them state their reasons with modesty and reverence in the spirit of humility.

Chapter was succeeded by Terce, the length of the interval between them depending on the time employed in Chapter. During this interval the brethren were allowed to talk, seated, according to their rank, in the cloister. They were not permitted to stand. When the bell began to ring for the Hour the conversation ceased, and until the same time on the following day silence was to be rigorously maintained. It might be broken in the event of four accidents—robbers, sickness, fire, and workmen; or if distinguished strangers visited the house. At meals, also, some conversation was allowed, but not much; and there was a regular recognized code of signals which a novice was bound to learn as soon as possible. If conversation was absolutely necessary during prohibited hours, the brethren who wished to speak to one another retired to the parlour, so as not to interrupt those who were reading, or writing, or praying in the cloister, which, it must always be remembered, was the centre of monastic life.

After Terce came High Mass, then Sext, and then, at about noon in summer, the brethren went to dinner in the Frater. Two meals only are mentioned in the *Observances*, dinner and supper. Collation, which is occasionally referred to, can hardly be called

a meal. The brethren went to their places in the Frater and drank a glass of beer, after which they listened to a passage of Scripture in the chapter-house. At dinner the food consisted of fish, meat, and vegetables, and apparently did not vary. This was in the charge of the steward of the kitchen (*Coginarius*). The drink was beer, provided by the sub-Cellarer. Two long chapters are filled with minute directions for the proper conduct of the meals, and for ensuring scrupulous cleanliness in every department:—

It is the duty of the Hall-Butler to set in order everything pertaining to the table; to fill the salt-cellars with clean salt; to provide water for washing the hands of the brethren; to wash the spoons and cups every day; to hang up a towel at the lavatory; to send the dirty table-cloths and napkins to be washed. He ought also to fetch bread for the use of the brethren from the cellar, and to be careful that it is neither burnt, nor gnawed by mice, nor dirty. The jugs ought to be washed inside and out once a week; and the Frater ought to be cleaned thoroughly with besoms as often as it requires it. He ought also to provide candlesticks for the wax-candles that are to be lighted in the Frater from the Feast of All Saints to the Purification. He ought also to provide mats and rushes to strew the Frater, and the divisions of the Cloister up to the Frater-door; frequently to renew the flowers; in summer to throw mint and fennel into the air to make a sweet odour, and to provide fly-catchers.

The conduct of the brethren is described with equal minuteness—from a reverent attention to grace and the utterances of the table-readers to their personal manners. We are told, for example, that

the brethren ought all to be careful not to wipe their noses, or rub their teeth, on the napkins or table-cloths, nor to staunch blood with them, nor to cut them with their knives. They are to eat what is set before them temperately, cleanly, and cheerfully, and not to exceed moderation. No one is allowed to exchange fish for meat; no one may whittle, or write, or look into a book, while the meal is proceeding.

After dinner in summer the brethren retired to the Dorter to take a siesta. "They have full leave," we read, "to take off their copes and their shoes, but they are not allowed to stretch out their naked feet, or to sleep with head and body uncovered." At 3 p.m. the bell awakened them for Nones; after Nones came Collation; then Vespers, succeeded by supper and Compline. After Compline they went to bed.

The Dorter ought to be the abode of quiet and secrecy. The Prelate and all the brethren ought to sleep there, except those whom infirmity compels to be absent, and the guardians of the Church. There the brethren ought to behave with more quiet, self-restraint, and devotion than elsewhere. No one ought to appear there with his head uncovered. From after Compline until morning after sound of bell no one ought to shake his clothes, or open his coffer, or fix his eyes upon another. No one ought to linger near a window with the object of looking out. Any one who takes off his shoes, or puts them on, is to do it under his clothes. Those who enter or leave the Dorter while the brethren are there are to walk gently. No one is to sit near the lamp, or sing, or read there. No one ought to read in bed with a candle. When a brother gets out of bed he is not to leave it carelessly uncovered.

The habits of the community were provided by the Chamberlain—except in the case of novices, who provided their own—and he is reminded to be careful that they are of the proper shape and stuff. Further, he supplied warm water for the brethren to shave with, and soap for their baths. He was also responsible for the washing of their clothes, and for the character and morals of the laundress, who seems to have washed and mended for the house, just as a similar functionary would do at the present day. A chapter is devoted to the curious custom of bleeding (*minutio*). "Permission to be bled," we are told, "was not to be refused after an interval of seven weeks." Those who obtained it left the quire after the Gospel at High Mass, and were bled in the Infirmary. For three days afterwards they were not allowed to enter the church, but lived in the Infirmary, where a more than usually generous diet was supplied to them, and they led, as the *Observances* put it, "a life of joy and freedom from care, in comfort and happiness."

The sameness of the life we have sketched was enlivened by a good deal of intercourse with the outer world. Monasteries were the hotels of the Middle Ages, and at Barnwell, situated as it was near the Great Bridge over which those who wished to cross from the east to the west side of England must perforce pass, there was, probably, no dearth of visitors. The *Observances*, moreover, which are intended to apply to all houses of the Order, insist at considerable length on the entertainment of strangers. We wish that we had room to quote from this very curious chapter. The charities, again, were on a large scale. The Almoner had to make daily provision for three poor men; and five others, called "the poor men of the Prelate," were continually maintained in the Almonry. Besides there were special distributions during Lent and on All Souls' Day. How large were the demands on the charity of the house is shown by the length of the chapter on the Almoner's duties—whom he should relieve and whom he should not—and how he is courteously to resist "the loud-voiced importunity of the poor (*clamorem pauperum et eorum importunitatem*)."

The well-being of any monastery must have largely depended on a judicious choice of recruits. The writer of the *Observances* was well aware of this, for he devotes four chapters to an enumeration of all that ought prudently to be done before a novice is admitted to full profession. The disadvantages of the monastic life are to be honestly set before him; and he is to be asked if he feels strong enough "to endure with a good heart nocturnal vigils, a dull life in the cloister, continual services in the quire,

prolonged silence, the strictness of the Rule, and the different characters of the brethren." What a vivid picture of monastic life is conveyed in these words! And yet the Austin Canons were by no means one of the severer Orders.

EARS.

THE identification of criminals has been reduced to a science; even their ears are supposed to have more than the permitted deflection from the position of apes' ears in the head which is allowed to honest men. But before man was measured against the ape, ears had been well studied and catalogued by the curious observers living in the seventeenth century. Dominicus de Rubois of Venice made out a neat little table of ears and their qualities, enough to set the best friends by the ears if sufficiently studied and credited. Ears should not be too large nor too small, but he does not specify what the right size should be. If they are large, they promise long life and a good memory, in spite of also indicating empty-headedness. Too narrow ears mean jealousy, whilst too broad-topped ears show madness. The Assyrians were fond of carving very broad-topped and rounded ears upon their bass-relief heroes, giving a lively air to the monotonous profiles. Were the Assyrians full of madness? Too small ears meant folly sometimes and high intellect at others, and if they were prettily shaped they showed good faith and gentle spirit. Medium-sized ears were counted the best, although it certainly seems as if most of the good qualities had been carried off by the others.

A quaint book by Ghirardelli was next illustrated with woodcuts of ill-drawn heads and ears placed at random amongst the hair. The author quotes many well-known astrologists and learned men—beginning with Aristotle, going on to Pliny, and using Ingegnerio, Della Porta, and others. Latin verses under each portrait sum up its history as shown in the ear. The reasons given for the variations of size in the ear are very strange. Thick and large ears are caused by "gross spirits," bony ears by a "dryness" of nature, and small ears by too great "heat" in the frame. One would suppose that these aural decorations had been tacked on like tickets after the man was grown up, in order that he should be properly labelled as a specimen of humanity. In this book large ears are called asinine, and are deprived of their good memory. Little ears, after possessing many virtues, are suddenly accused of theft and satire, unless they are slightly "squared" in shape, when they become blessed with every good quality. Any squared shape is always held to show good intellect and good behaviour; unfortunately it is rare, and belongs rather to the individual than to the race. It is not harshly straight in outline. Roughly described, the "squared" ear does not slope at the base as much as usual, and the distance across is about the same as the depth of the ear, and the lobe, though distinct, is not heavy. The round ear has some part similar in shape, but very different in meaning. When released from signifying madness, it is handed over to loquacity and avarice. Perhaps Nature could not more aptly show the difference between the circle and the square, and the chaos that will result if ever the problem of "squaring the circle" is solved.

Most dreadful are the consequences that haunt the varieties of the outer rim. It may be round, or flattened, or jagged, or absent altogether. Lavater did not turn his rapturous gaze with special care upon this branch of physiognomy, but he distinguished the curls and curves of the rim in a hazy way, abhorring fat, thick ears, not knowing that Amenophis III. had granite ears of that shape. The good pastor observed that pedagogues had many little notches and lumps to the rim of the ears; he therefore thought these marks meant that the owners had a desire to obtain and impart ready-made knowledge. There is no doubt that a well-curved rim is of the greatest value to the beauty of the ear, and is indispensable to the ideal shape. It is supposed that the absence of a rim means the owner fears to die in poverty. When the top is quite straight it shows independences verging on obstinacy. Perfect and beautiful ears are found everywhere, the modifications between them being so slight that it requires an expert to tell the fool from the wise man. Ears wide at the base were considered to be quick in hearing, and the Latin word *auris* was declared to come from "*haurio*, I drink," meaning that one drinks in sounds with the ears. Pious Æneas, talking with the indignant Dido about the messenger from Jove sent to recall him, appropriately observes:—

Vocemque his auribus hausit.

Virgil thus uses the right term. Horace chooses a similar expression in his ode to the falling tree:—

Densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.

The ear changes less in shape and size than the other features, and, as it gradually enlarges with old age, there may be some truth in the observation that large ears indicate long life, for even small ears increase a little to suit the dictum. The outline of the back and lower part is a copy in miniature of the outline of the jawbone, and the slope of the ear corresponds to the slope of the nose. A good model of the ear would identify a criminal with surpassing ease if he should not happen to have cut off his ears and substituted gutta-percha excrescences. No ear but the original one would correspond properly with the other features, and this fact would help in the detection of a false ear. In barbarous times the cut-off ears of an enemy were considered as

satisfactory witnesses to his death, and whose the ears might be was not too curiously considered.

The old saying of a man who desires anything ardently that he "would give his ears" for it thus gains a new significance, if we are to believe that he is ready to give up what constitutes his own special identity, the outward sign of his individual self.

MONEY MATTERS.

ANOTHER insurance Company, the Caledonian, has decided to dispense with medical examination where those who wish to insure their lives object to it. There is no doubt that there is a very general dislike to medical examination, and that the change, therefore, meets the convenience of large classes. But it is obvious that there is a danger that delicate persons, not likely to pass a physician, may in large numbers apply for insurance in offices which do not require medical examination, and that healthy persons, alarmed thereby, may divert their custom to other offices. To guard against this, the Directors of the Caledonian Company have taken several precautions. In the first place, they distinctly reserve to themselves the right to refuse applicants, and, no doubt, they would in every case do so where a person had previously applied to another office and on medical examination been rejected. Further, they have drawn up a long list of questions which the applicant is required to answer respecting the health history of himself and his family. It is to be presumed, moreover, that every applicant will be required to present himself at the office, and that, where a non-medical man sees evidence of ill-health, the applicant will be rejected. Lastly, the Directors reserve to themselves the right to communicate with the ordinary medical attendant of the intending assurant. But the Directors trust chiefly for protection to the scheme which they have drawn up. This is described as a combination of the ordinary life policy with an endowment policy. It will perhaps be most easily understood from the following illustration:—Suppose a young man at twenty-one years of age applies to the Caledonian Office to be insured for 500*l.*, and objects to medical examination. If he is accepted, he is at once granted a policy for the sum mentioned for a specified number of years, let us say twenty-four. The policy immediately comes into effect, and if the holder dies within the twenty-four years his representatives receive the 500*l.* Further, if two-thirds of the twenty-four annual premiums he contracts to pay have in fact been paid—that is to say, if he lives to be thirty-seven, and duly pays the premiums—he is entitled to share in whatever bonuses may accrue. If, moreover, he survives to the age of forty-five, the whole twenty-four premiums being paid, he is entitled not merely to the 500*l.* for which he was originally insured, with the bonuses that may have accrued, but to twice the original policy—that is, 1,000*l.* Then, if he should so prefer, instead of receiving the 1,000*l.*, he may take out a fully-paid policy due at death for a larger amount, the amount being determined by the age of the policyholder. If, that is to say, he is still comparatively young when the selected age arrives, he will receive a larger paid-up policy than if he should be old. For in the former case, of course, his expectation of life would be much greater than in the latter, and consequently the office would be likely to have the use of the 1,000*l.* for a longer time. It will be seen that this scheme provides many safeguards so far as the office is concerned.

The policyholder pays a high premium, and during the first period he is entitled in case of death to only one-half the policy to which he becomes entitled if he survives to the selected age. Assuming that ordinary care is exercised in accepting new business, it would seem that the protection provided is fairly sufficient. So far as the intending assurant is concerned, the scheme, too, has certain advantages. The first and most important of these is, that on taking out the policy he becomes entitled to it at once. It will be recollected that the Sun Life Office about a year ago led the way in waiving its right to medical examination; but that office decided that a person insuring without examination should not be entitled to the policy if he were to die within the first five years; in that case his representatives would receive the premiums paid, with 5 per cent. compound interest. The Caledonian Company issues a policy which takes effect immediately; but during the first period the policy is only one-half the amount of what it becomes if the policyholder lives to the selected age. A second advantage is that the policyholder, if his life is a fairly good one, has a chance of sharing in bonuses, and has a reasonable prospect of receiving an adequate policy in the end. It should be added that the premiums received on account of these special insurances are to be kept in a separate account, and that five-sixths of the profits are to be divisible as bonuses. It would seem, therefore, that the business will not affect the ordinary policies now granted. This, of course, is the most important consideration. It is, no doubt, desirable that the practice of life insurance should be extended as much as possible, and that every reasonable facility should be given to the public; but it is still more desirable that those who have insured their lives should not be injured by any extension of the business that may take place now or hereafter. From the public point of view, therefore, the test which must be applied to this experiment is whether it will or will not injuriously affect the position of existing policy-

holders. As the accounts are to be kept separate, and profits to be distributed only where they are earned by these special insurances, it would seem that existing policyholders would not suffer damage. It may be asked, What would happen if the business were to prove unprofitable? Suppose a large proportion of the non-examined policyholders should die early, and that losses, therefore, should accrue, would not the Company have to make good those losses out of its other assets? No doubt it would; but then it is reasonable to suppose that the officials will exercise great caution at first. And it is also to be presumed that they have very carefully calculated the premiums they are to charge and the policies they are to grant. If they have done so, and if they exercise ordinary care, the losses are hardly likely to be considerable. After a little while the officials will be able to see whether the experiment is working well or ill. If the former, then they can act somewhat more boldly. If the latter, they may either impose additional conditions, or they may give up the experiment altogether. Looking upon it, however, as simply an experiment to be tried cautiously at first, and to be watched narrowly, it seems to us one that should be welcomed in the interest of the general public. Whether the dislike of medical examination is reasonable or not, there is no question that it exists, and that it deters large numbers of persons from insuring who otherwise would be glad to make a provision in that way for their families. It is for the public good, therefore, that the experiment should be made how far medical examination can be safely dispensed with; always provided, of course, that it is regarded as an experiment, and for some time, at all events, only ventured upon cautiously.

The value of money has decidedly risen this week. On Monday three months' Treasury Bills were taken on an average at 1*l.* 19*s.* per cent. per annum. The following day the bill-brokers and discount-houses put up the rates they allow on deposits $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for money at call, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. for money at notice. At times as much as 2*l.* per cent. was paid for short loans. On Wednesday the discount rate in the open market advanced to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., business being sometimes done even higher, and on Thursday to $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The first cause of this advance in rates is the decrease in the Bank's reserve, owing to the repayment to the Bank of France of the three millions borrowed last November. The second cause is the large revenue payments. And a third cause is alleged to be borrowing by the Bank in the open market. Unless, however, the Bank continues to borrow it will be difficult to maintain rates, for the payment of the Baring acceptances is not yet at an end, coin and notes are still returning from circulation, and gold is being exported from New York. Besides, about the middle of next month the expenditure of the Treasury will exceed the receipts, while at the beginning of April the interest on the National Debt will be paid. The probability appears to be, therefore, that though the value of money may be kept up for a few weeks longer it will decline in the end of March, and fall rapidly in April.

The Coinage Committee of the House of Representatives announced a few days ago that it would yesterday finish the hearing of evidence on the Silver Bill passed by the Senate, and would immediately report on the Bill. Whether it has done so is not known as we write, but the expectation is that the Committee will not be able to agree upon a report, and that consequently two sets of recommendations will be sent to the House. So strongly is this held that the speculators have become seriously alarmed. Last year they bought immense quantities of silver, which they have not since been able to sell. Had they succeeded in carrying the Senate Bill, they would of course have sent the metal into the Treasury. But now, as the Senate Bill is not expected to pass, they are in a hurry to sell on whatever terms they can get. In consequence the price fell in London on Tuesday to 44*½*d. per oz., recovering, however, on Thursday to 45*½*d. per oz. The Indian demand for the metal is very small, for money is unusually abundant and cheap all over India for this time of year, and there is scarcely any Continental demand. Silver securities have fallen with silver, the price of Rupee-paper, for example, is nearly as low now as the average for 1889.

This week the largest of the discount-houses, Alexander & Co., has been converted into a limited liability Company, the old partners taking all the shares. The paid-up capital is to be half a million, and there is to be an un-called liability of 400,000*l.* A smaller discount-house, Harwood, Knight, & Allen, has amalgamated with the Union Discount Company. And the Capital and Counties Bank has absorbed a private Lincolnshire bank. The process of amalgamation and conversion into limited liability Companies is going on rapidly. It is now clear that the day of private banks and private discount Companies is over; that the public insists upon knowing how the bankers and discount-houses with which it deals stand. And the latter recognize, therefore, the necessity for publication of accounts. This is a strong argument in favour of Mr. Goschen's proposal for frequent publication of accounts by the joint-stock banks.

The Shipping Federation and the Federated Unions have made some slight concessions to one another, and thus there is a hope that wiser counsels will prevail, and a serious struggle be averted. But as yet the dispute has not been settled. As far, however, as outsiders can see, there is no just cause for such a struggle, and we trust, therefore, that public opinion will compel both sides to come to an arrangement.

Business on the Stock Exchange is, if possible, more stagnant

than it was. The fall in silver, causing a depreciation in all silver securities, and disturbing trade with the silver-using countries, has added to the general depression. So has the dispute in the shipping trade, threatening to throw the whole business of the country into confusion. And the state of South America continues most unsatisfactory. The negotiations for the re-sale to the Argentine Government of the Buenos Ayres Waterworks have not yet been resumed, and no progress has been made with the plan for funding the coupons and the guarantees, while the news from Buenos Ayres is very discouraging. In consequence the Trust Companies have become alarmed, and appointed a Committee to look after their interests. In Chili the civil war continues. Apparently the President, after gaining marked successes, has of late been losing ground; but there is little prospect of an early cessation of hostilities. In Brazil, too, matters are looking very unpleasant. In the United States banking difficulties are not yet over; here and there runs take place upon banks, Trust Companies, and savings banks, and in every way evidence is afforded that distrust still continues. Lastly, the financial condition of Portugal, Spain, and Italy is very unsatisfactory, while at home the future of industrial undertakings, which have been brought out in such large numbers of late, is causing uneasiness. For example, a receiver has been appointed over the Hansard Publishing Union. It has a capital of 1 million in shares, and 300,000*l.* in Debentures. A Committee of some of the firms interested has been named, and has issued a notice to the shareholders stating that it is preparing a plan of re-organization, the main points of which will be the reduction of the capital and the provision of a larger working capital. As the result of all this speculation is quite paralysed, and the amount of investment business is only small.

Rupee-paper has fallen heavily during the week, as was to be expected from the weakness in the silver market. The Four and a Half closed on Thursday evening at 75, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½. And there has been a further very heavy fall in Argentine Railway stocks. Last week, it will be recollected, the dealers in that market applied to the issuing houses interested for information as to whether the plan for funding the guarantees would be soon carried out, and the replies given by the issuing-houses are not reassuring. Besides, the economic condition of the country is deplorable. The Seven per Cent. Preferred stock of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway closed on Thursday evening at 102½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 5. The Ordinary stock of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario was quoted at the close on Thursday 126-129, a fall for the week of 4. The wideness of the quotation shows how unwilling the dealers are to purchase. The Ordinary stock of the Buenos Ayres and Great Southern was quoted at the close on Thursday 158-9, a fall of as much as 2. This stock a little more than a year ago was about 220. The Central Argentine Railway stock was quoted on Thursday evening 84-87, a fall of 1. This stock has fallen, in a little more than a year, nearly 60 per cent. The management has been very shortsighted. At first competing lines were allowed to invade its territory, and then the directors bought lines which have not improved the property. On the other hand, Argentine Government bonds have improved. There is a rise of as much as 2½ in the Five per Cents of 1886, which closed on Thursday evening at 76¼; Buenos Ayres Sixes of 1882 closed at 68, a rise of 1. The movements in these stocks, however, are somewhat misleading; the public does not buy, and the great houses interested have to support the market. Chilean Four and a Half of 1886 closed on Thursday at 92, a fall of 2. Although the Chilean debt is small, the fall is very natural, for the prospect now is that the civil war will be protracted, and will augment very seriously both the debt and the inconvertible currency. In inter-Bourse securities the movements have been generally upward. Italian Rentes, for instance, rose 1½, closing on Thursday evening at 94½. The Paris Bourse regards very favourably the change of Ministry in Italy. It argues that the new Government will be compelled to reduce the expenditure upon the army and navy so considerably that before very long it will have to withdraw from the Triple Alliance. The great Paris operators, therefore, have begun to buy, whereas French holders have for some years past been persistently selling Italian Rentes. There is also an improvement of from ¼ to ½ in the Turkish group of bonds, and Ottoman Bank shares closed on Thursday at 15½*s.*, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of about ½. There is a good deal of speculation both in Ottoman Bank shares and in Turkish bonds in Paris as well as in Constantinople, but we need hardly remind investors that these are securities which ought to be left to speculators and speculative investors. In the Home Railway market Scotch stocks have generally declined. Thus Caledonian Undivided closed on Thursday at 117½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½; the Preferred Ordinary closed at 76, a fall of 1; and the Deferred Ordinary closed at 42, likewise a fall of 1. But in the English Railway market there has generally been an advance. The most marked rise is in London and South-Western stock, which closed on Thursday at 162, a rise of 3 compared with the preceding Thursday. Brighton "A" rose as much as 2½, closing on Thursday evening at 155½; and both North-Western and Great Western rose ½. The former closed on Thursday at 180, and the latter at 165½. Peruvian Corporation stocks, which rose so rapidly and un-

expectedly last week, have this week given way. The Ordinary closed on Thursday at 11½, a fall of ½; the Preferred closed at 30½, a fall of 1½; but the Mortgage Debentures closed with very little change at 83.

THE WEATHER.

WE have passed through another almost rainless week, and February Fillydike has more than half run its course without keeping up its character of supplying water for summer use. Otherwise, there has been nothing worth chronicling, except the fog at the end of the week. On Tuesday the fog was practically confined to the river valleys, and London had a full share of it. On Wednesday the fog was more general.

On Wednesday, the 11th, as we said last week, a depression lay over the north of Sweden; this travelled down the Gulf of Bothnia, and then disappeared. The North-West wind in its rear brought a heavy fall of snow and rain to the extreme north of Scotland—Stornoway and Wick—where more than an inch was collected on Thursday morning. With this exception hardly a drop of rain has fallen during the week over almost the whole of Europe. Day after day the rain column in the Paris Bulletin International has been filled with a line of "o's." We have had true anti-cyclonic weather with a dry atmosphere, but fortunately without serious cold here, and up to the last days of the week have been spared the customary fogs. Under these circumstances of great defect of rainfall, the prospect for the country at large is very far from encouraging. 1890 was, on the whole, a dry year, notwithstanding the wetness of the summer. In more than one county water was being bought for many weeks. We usually look to the winter rains to replenish the springs, and now there has been no sufficient fall of snow or rain since Christmas to replace the deficiency to any appreciable extent. As regards sunshine, too, there is some cause of complaint. The sun's rays have had as yet but little power, owing to the persistent haziness of the dry atmosphere. In December there was no sunshine in London. January was not much better. On Sunday last (February 15) the weather in London was apparently bright, but in London only two hours of bright sunshine were registered. The rays were unable to pierce the haze, and consequently it may be supposed that their effect on vegetation was not nearly as great as it would have been had the atmosphere been clearer. Whenever the change to wet weather comes, as come it must, we have to look for a serious outbreak of illness; from impurities, stored up on the surface soil during the dry weather, being suddenly washed into springs and wells.

RECENT CONCERTS.

AFTER the usual interval—during which pantomime reigned supreme—the Crystal Palace Concerts were resumed last Saturday under Mr. Mann's able conductorship. The orchestra, which is the chief attraction at these concerts, played Schumann's fine Symphony in D minor, No. 4—a work which is always welcome, even though it be not a model of instrumentation. Neither of the works in the programme, announced as being played for the first time at these concerts, could lay claim to the title of novelties. Miss Ellicott's clever "Dramatic Overture," which opened the concert, was produced at the Gloucester Festival in 1886, and the First Suite on airs from Bizet's *Carmen*—which was worthy a better place than at the end of the programme—is familiar to all lovers of the French composer's charming music. On the other hand, Beethoven's Second Pianoforte Concerto, Op. 19, the solo part of which was played by Herr Stavenhagen, had almost the merit of novelty, for it had probably not been heard in public since Mr. Franklin Taylor played it in 1870. In addition to the Concerto, in which he introduced an ably-written cadenza of his own composition, Herr Stavenhagen played Liszt's 13th Hungarian Rhapsody, the brilliant writing of which suits him excellently. The vocalists were Mme. Fanny Moody and Mr. Charles Manners, who sang the great duet between Alice and Bertram from Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, in which they were so successful when the opera was revived at Covent Garden last autumn.

Señor Albeniz, the Spanish pianist, gave the second of his Subscription Concerts at St. James's Hall, on Thursday, the 12th. The audience was not very large, but it must be confessed that the programme was not very attractive. The concert-giver gave a careful performance of Beethoven's (so-called) "Moonlight" Sonata, but he is not heard at his best in works which require much interpretative power. In a short piece by Scarlatti (which he played as an encore), and in two of his own graceful compositions, which came at the end of the programme, Señor Albeniz's delicate and refined style was heard to far greater advantage. The concert began with Schubert's Pianoforte Trio in B flat major, Op. 99, the string parts in which were played by Señor Arbos (violin) and Mr. W. H. Squire (violinello). The former also played the Adagio from Spohr's 9th Concerto, and a Fugue from one of Bach's Sonatas for Violin Solo, in the latter of which he was encored. Señor Arbos seemed more at home than at his previous appearance, and his intonation, though not

entirely faultless, was very much improved. The two numbers by Bach were especially well played. Mr. Squire was heard in the familiar Gavotte from Bach's Sixth Suite for Violoncello Solo. He has an excellent tone and good execution, but the performance would have been better if he had indulged a little less in *tempo rubato*, which is entirely unsuited to such a work. The vocalists were Miss Marguerite Hall and Mr. Hirwen Jones; besides singing solos by Purcell and Schubert, they gave a charming performance of Schumann's "Liebesgarten."

The caprice of fashion in musical matters was once more exemplified by the attendance at Mr. Henschel's 5th Symphony Concert on the evening of the 12th. At the previous concerts of this series the room has never been full, and often lamentably empty, but on this occasion there was not a seat to be had. The only reason to be assigned for this was that the programme was chiefly drawn from the works of Wagner, the only other composer represented being Beethoven. In a country where musical culture is highly developed such a state of affairs would be impossible, but in the present imperfect state of musical education in England, Wagner's highly-coloured orchestration and sensuous effects appeal to intellects which are incapable of appreciating the delicate workmanship and refined expression of a Mozart or a Haydn. Although—with the exception of the long scene between Hans Sachs and Eva from Act ii. of *Die Meistersinger*—none of the performances on Thursday week were above the average, they were all rapturously applauded, and gave undoubted satisfaction to the large audience. The "Meistersinger" scene, which was admirably sung by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Herr Holländer conducting the orchestra, was much the best number in the programme, which also included the Overture to the same opera, the Prelude to *Parsifal*, the *Walkürenritt*, and Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony. The presence of Dr. Joachim at the last two Popular Concerts has ensured a rendering of the concerted music which has been above reproach. Mozart's String Quintet in C major, which opened the programme last Saturday, and Beethoven's Eighth Rasoumowski Quartet, which occupied a similar place on Monday, were both given with an attention to detail and general finish which was as pleasant to listen to as it is to praise. So long as such performances are to be heard there will be no occasion for that change in the constitution of these concerts which has been lately asked for in some quarters. The pianist at the last two Popular Concerts has been Herr Max Pauer, the son of the well-known German teacher of the pianoforte. Herr Pauer has for the last year or two been settled at Cologne, but his style has not materially altered since he was last heard in this country. His technique is extraordinarily good, and he plays with an accuracy and attention to detail which are worthy of imitation by more inspired performers. His style is perhaps somewhat scholastic, and he is heard to greater advantage in works written in strictly classical form than in those of the romantic school. For this reason he was more successful in Rheinberger's Toccata, Op. 12, and Beethoven's Andante in F, which he played at Monday's concert, than in Chopin's Allegro de Concert, Op. 46, which he chose as his solo last Saturday. On the latter occasion Herr Pauer also played (by way of encore) a Rondo, "Le Minuit," by John Field, whose compositions are less often heard than their merits deserve. At the same concert he also joined Dr. Joachim, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti in Rheinberger's Pianoforte Quartet, Op. 38. The remainder of Saturday's programme consisted of Bach's Chaconne for Violin Solo, played by Dr. Joachim as he alone can play it, and songs by Mozart and Mr. Oliver King, sung by Mr. Orlando Harley. On Monday Dr. Joachim and Herr Straus gave an admirable performance of the Larghetto and Rondo Vivace from Spohr's second Duet for two Violins (Op. 67); Mr. Hirwen Jones sang an air from Gounod's charming *Médecin Malgré Lui* and Schubert's "Gute Nacht"; and Dr. Joachim, Signor Piatti, and Herr Max Pauer played Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor, Op. 66, No. 2—a work which might be allowed a few years' rest, seeing that it has been played nearly forty times at these concerts.

Last Wednesday afternoon Herr Max Pauer gave a Pianoforte Recital at Princes' Hall, the programme of which is to be commended for the good selection of works which are seldom heard. It included Bach's Toccata and Fugue in F sharp minor; Beethoven's Sonata in major, Op. 109; two of Schumann's Studies on Paganini's Caprices; a Prelude and Fugue (Op. 35, No. 5), and Study (Op. 104, No. 2), by Mendelssohn; Grieg's Ballade, Op. 24; a Serenade and Caprice by Rubinstein; the first movement of Liszt's "Bénédictio de Dieu dans la Solitude," and a set of waltzes by the concert-giver. All the numbers were played with correctness and finish; but Herr Pauer was more successful in those—such as the Mendelssohn selections—which do not demand much poetical insight than in works requiring higher powers than his perfect executive ability can supply.

EXHIBITIONS.

A TIMELY exhibition of etched and engraved reproductions of the work of Meissonier has just been opened by Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons, in their gallery, 5 Haymarket. It contains nearly one hundred examples, most of them fine states, signed by the artist and his interpreters. The principal novelty is a proof of the large new etching of "1807" (95), by M. Jules Jacquet, a pupil of Henriquel-Dupont's, to whom we owe, besides minor

examples, the fine reproduction of "1814" (9). This important new etching, upon which the etcher has been engaged for more than two years under the eye and within the house of Meissonier, is on the whole highly satisfactory. We do not think that M. Jacquet is ever quite happy in rendering colour; his figures, beautifully drawn, have something of the rigidity and colourlessness of sculpture. The only etcher, in fact, who, to our taste, has fully reproduced, without any sense of loss, the manifold qualities of Meissonier, was the late Paul Rajon. There are here some exquisite specimens of his art—"Le Peintre" (34), with the marvellous rendering of the costume; "Le Liseur" (49), with its pale and full tones; "Le Graveur" (50), where we note the extreme richness of the light falling through the engraver's paper screen. Another Rajon of singular merit is the "Polichinelle" (55). Few younger artists have succeeded better than Mongin in his version of the "Lecture chez Diderot" (69), a masterpiece of refined translation. "The Sign-Painter" (86) is by another of the Jacquet family, M. Achille Jacquet.

No engraving after Meissonier is more popular than "La Rixe" (94), by Felix Bracquemond, etched with independence, and illuminated strongly in a manner which, without being quite that of the picture, is spirited and highly effective. Oudart has etched "Le Fumeur" (80) in a plate which is rather rough, but cleverly illuminated and singularly striking. A single mechanical lithograph, among all these etchings and engravings, "Le Cheval qui Voit" (84), shows how excellently Meissonier's delicate firm touch can be reproduced by a "process." Nothing is more hopeless than to attempt to make the technical criticism of engraving interesting to the general reader, and we will therefore confine ourselves to saying that there is excellent work to be found here by Le Rat, Flameng, Blanchard, Gilbert, and other eminent "graveurs," and that for those who merely look for the story in a picture, or at most for general composition, the show is a most interesting and amusing one, comprising, as it does, most of Meissonier's masterpieces.

At Mr. McLean's Gallery, 7 Haymarket, is now on view an interesting collection of specimens of the great French school of romanticist painters. These are not very numerous, but they are characteristic and well selected. In the place of honour hangs a very elaborate Diaz, "A Glade in the Forest of Fontainebleau," (28), brilliant in its effect of sunlight under overarching and embowering foliage. A woman, with a blue skirt, accompanied by a brown dog, occupies the foreground. The only fault of this splendid work is a sort of vitreous dazzle, as if the basis were glass or porcelain. Another Diaz is "In the Depth of the Forest" (1), with the central trunk of a tree sensationally illuminated. Corot is well represented at Mr. McLean's. There is "Le Lac" (13), gleaming like an enchanted valley in fairyland, and "The Ferry" (29), in the extreme beauty of its long, luminous vista. In "By the Side of the Water" (31) the colour is more definite and less vapoury than is usual with Corot; in the foreground a cow that Troyon might have put in reposes under the shadow of great solid trees. A Corot of the more usual class, but of singular poetic charm, is "Near Ville d'Avray" (10).

The most eccentric of the Romanticists was Monticelli, an admiration for whom has to be acquired. "The Rivals" (5) and "The Fortune-teller" (6) are daubs of a crudity and easy impertinence which it would be difficult to match. They are simply bad; and when Monticelli is not good he is "very, very bad," like Longfellow's little girl. In the childlike gorgeousness of his "Fête Champêtre" (11) it is easier to recognize the occasional potency of his brush. An admirable Troyon of important size is "The Hay Cart" (17); but it is surpassed in mere beauty by "La Mare" (15), cattle drinking at sunset in the wet heart of a gorge, whose light cliffs are radiant towards the west. Another fine Troyon is "A Glade in the Forest" (12), with cattle in the background, a solemn landscape, painted with the greatest possible combination of dash and precision. By the side of Troyon, Van Marcke is always a little less than the best, but his "Going to the Watering-Place" (20) is excellent. A Daubigny of more than common impressiveness is "Andressy" (26), a long church above the river, painted in broad tones of brown, like a Ruysdael. This admirable picture is dated 1865. Less successful is "Hauling in the Seine Nets" (30). Here are also examples of Fromentin, Jacque, and Dupré. This little collection is one which deserves careful examination. The Corots and Troyons, in particular, seem to us to be of unusual beauty and value.

The modern pictures at Mr. McLean's are of inferior interest. "A Reverie" (32) is a sufficiently conventional example of M. de Munkacsy when he is not taking pains. Mr. Waterhouse's "Shrine" (40) is a pretty piece of Paganism. Here are examples, in their usual manner, of Mr. Peter Graham, of Mr. MacWhirter, and of Mr. H. B. W. Davis. A quietly coloured Oriental scene at the house of a sheik in Cairo, called "The Fête of the First-born" (56), is signed by Wilda. A few water-colour drawings are added, including one, "Fürstenburg on the Rhine" (59), by Turner.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

NEVER, perhaps, has the truth of the famous saying "Give a dog a bad name, &c.," been better illustrated than it has this week at the Strand Theatre. Mr. F. C. Burnand's lively farcical comedy, *Private Inquiry*, has been withdrawn, and Mr.

Mark Melford's distinctly inferior play of the same character, *Turned Up*, been substituted for it. *Private Inquiry*, when first produced, was insufficiently rehearsed and needed judicious pruning. It was universally condemned in consequence. Presently, however, it was skilfully reduced in length and very generally "livened up," with the result that we frankly admit having rarely seen a funnier or merrier work of its class. But the public was prejudiced, and refused to reverse the original verdict of the critics, so Mr. Willie Edouin had to put on another piece as quickly as possible. *Turned Up*, were it not very well acted, would be dreary fun indeed. As performed at the Strand by Mr. Edouin's capital company, it provokes a great deal of laughter. Nothing droller can be imagined than Mr. Edouin as the smug little undertaker, Carraway Bones. His lugubrious professional solemnity is irresistible, and the way in which he goes through the most ridiculous extravagances of eccentricity without a smile on his countenance is worthy of the famous Mr. Mould himself. One must not be critical with *Turned Up*. It is really a farrago of preposterous nonsense, and defies analysis. The piece is acted throughout with much spirit, and will most probably meet with the success its predecessor merited, but never achieved.

The Parvenu is undoubtedly Mr. G. W. Godfrey's best comedy, and Mr. Norman Forbes has, we hope, acted wisely in the interests of his pretty theatre in replacing the idiotic comedy-farce with which he inaugurated his management of the Globe by a work so distinctly English in character and brilliantly epigrammatic in dialogue. The merits and demerits of this play were freely discussed when it was originally produced years ago at the old Court Theatre, with an exceptionally clever cast, which included Mr. Forbes Robertson, the late Mr. Clayton, Mr. Anson, Mr. Harry Kemble, and Mesdames Sophie Larkin, Marion Terry, and Lottie Venne. It must be admitted that the company at the Globe does not equal the one which created the play and made its fortune. Mr. Harry Paulton is very clever, and he acts many of his scenes as the Parvenu with no little skill; but he lacks the sympathetic qualities which Mr. Anson brought to bear upon the character, and which rendered it so intensely natural, as well as humorous. On the other hand, there is no fault to find with Mr. William Herbert's charming acting as the hero, or with Mr. Ian Robertson's broken-down swell. Miss Laura Linden is not Miss Lottie Venne, but she is fairly amusing as the daughter of the Parvenu, and Miss Lucy Buckstone is a delightful Gwendoline. The Lady Pettigrew of Miss Fanny Coleman was rather stagy, but nevertheless effective. The play was thoroughly well staged, and received great and deserved applause.

A curious little one-act piece was acted for the first time at Toole's on Monday. It is by Mr. Neville Doone, and is entitled *Summer Clouds*. We record its existence because it produced such an odd effect upon the audience. The plot is simple enough, and deals with the bad conduct of a naughty baronet who insinuates himself into the family of a virtuous clergyman, who could give lessons of innocence and deportment to Dr. Primrose and Mr. Turveydrop. Of course the iniquitous baronet comes to grief, and the dreadfully goody-goody heroine marries her equally goody-goody sweetheart. The characters wear the costumes of our day; but their language is a sort of combination of that of Kotzebue (translated) and Mrs. Barbauld. Everybody has a little sermon to deliver on virtue and propriety, and even the wicked baronet ends by repenting of his evil ways and preaching a short sermon on his own behalf. "Tis a most improving play," writes a lady of quality of the eighteenth century, after witnessing a performance of *The Orphan of China*. What would she have said had she attended even a rehearsal of Mr. Neville Doone's piece?

The Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, is a handsome building, well appointed throughout, and was very much needed by the dense and well-to-do populations of West Kensington and Hammersmith, who would often go to the theatre if it were not for the terrible journey to and from the centre of London. Now they have a really fine theatre of their own, and they patronize it in a manner which proves that the concentrating of theatrical enterprise in the heart of London is not perhaps so wise a policy as is usually believed. We prophesy that the time is fast coming when there will be several flourishing theatres west of Piccadilly. The company engaged by Mr. Charles Cordingley to interpret M. Planquette and Mr. H. B. Farnie's merry comic opera, *The Old Guard*, is excellent. Mr. Horace Lingard is a capital Polydore Poupart, Mr. J. C. Peddock has a charming voice and acts remarkably well, and Miss F. Barnes, the *prima donna*, not only sings nicely, but is a clever actress. The costumes and scenery leave nothing to be desired, and the general appearance of the house is fully equal to that of any of the best houses in London. The programme varies twice in each month, and *Falka* and *Pepita* are in active rehearsal.

As a specimen of play-making, Mr. Wilton Jones's *A Yorkshire Lass*, which was acted for the first time at the New Olympic on Wednesday afternoon, is as good as any we have ever seen. It is manufactured out of a great deal of venerable and time-worn material, and almost every melodrama, comedy, and farce of these later days has contributed towards building it up into a sort of harmonious dramatic patchwork. Sometimes it recalls *Ours*, then *Diplomacy*, next *The Queen's Shilling*, *The Lady of Lyons*, and *An Unequal Match*; and at least one scene has been borrowed directly from *Vanity Fair*, whilst the entire last act is concocted, with very little variation, from *La Joie fait Peur*. The

scene is laid during the Crimean War, a fact which did not prevent the characters assuming the costumes of 1891, and taking interest in photographic albums and the Grosvenor Hotel. However, as the piece pleased the "gods," and it is evidently made for their special amusement, we will say no more about it, and refrain from detailing the intricacies of the plot, which would occupy at least as many columns of close print as the piece has acts. The acting was fairly good. Mr. Arthur Bouchier, as the hero, was sympathetic as the lover in the earlier scenes, and he displayed considerable dramatic force in the powerful scene in the Crimea, in which he is supposed to suffer an unjust sentence of death at the hand of his father. Miss Eastlake returned to the stage on this occasion after a prolonged absence, and soon proved that she was in full possession of those hysterically emotional qualities which so greatly delight the occupants of the theatrical Olympus. She acted, however, very artistically in the scene from *La Joie fait Peur* in which her husband, whom she supposes to be dead, returns to her. No emotional scream marred the impressive character of her acting. She merely fell, with a suppressed sob, into her husband's arms, and greatly moved the audience by the simplicity and grace of her conception of a rather hackneyed, but always telling, situation. A word of praise is due to Mr. Macklin for his clever rendering of the part of a fisherman sent to gaol under false evidence, to Mr. R. S. Boleyn for an effective sketch of a very conventional villain, and to Miss Gertrude Warden for her perfect pronunciation of the few French sentences she speaks as the spy, borrowed from *Diplomacy*.

From Italy comes the news of the retirement of Francesco Ciotti, after thirty years' active service in the cause of Thalia. He was undoubtedly the finest actor of high-class, or what we call "old," comedy Italy has produced in modern times. Born at Florence in 1835, he began to act when quite a boy in amateur theatricals, and made his public debut in 1848 in Alfieri's *Oreste*. Tragedy did not suit him, and he only won fame when he turned his attention to comedy. He gave fresh life to the charming works of Goldoni, and created several of the heroes in Ferrari's plays. He travelled a great deal, and went with Ristori to America and Australia. In 1870 he formed a troupe of his own, with the celebrated Pia Marchi as "leading lady," and soon made fame and fortune. His style was singularly easy and natural, and he had the rare gift of not only provoking laughter, but of also moving his audience to tears. In 1873 Virginia Marini joined his company, and the *Messalina* of Cossa was produced with fine scenery (for Italy) and magnificent costumes. Signora Marini, a worthy successor of Ristori, was simply marvellous as Messalina, and Ciotti was equally admirable as the silly old Emperor Claudius, a cruel piece of theatrical realism conceived rather in the spirit of Zola than in that of the tragic poets, who have hitherto chosen themes from Roman history. His retirement is considered a great event in Italian theatrical circles, and many English travellers who have admired his genius will regret that they will never see him again on the stage which he so adorned.

Considerable interest is attached to a *matinée* to be given on Monday next at the Vaudeville Theatre, when Mr. William Archer's translation of Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* will be given for the first time.

The Princess's Theatre closes to-night for the final rehearsals of Mr. Coghlan's new play, *Lady Barter*, which is to be produced on Saturday next. We are glad to learn that Mrs. Langtry intends during the recess to remedy the present discomforts of the pit of her theatre. We might suggest, also, that the proscenium boxes could be altered with very little trouble, so as to enable their occupants to obtain as good a view of the stage as they do at present of the dress-circle.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF MUSKETRY INSTRUCTION IN INDIA.

NOT the least service which Sir Frederick Roberts has done for the Indian army is to be found in the attention he has devoted to the improvement of the native infantry, and the latest reforms towards which he has directed his energies offer, perhaps, richer promises of success than any other. It is to fire-effect that the tacticians of all nations are now looking for decisive issues; on all sides one hears murmurs of fire-control, fire-direction, and fire-discipline; and success is sought for, as these words imply, rather in the excellence of the aggregate than in the pre-eminence of the individual. Sir Frederick Roberts, too, has not failed to appreciate the value of the new ideas, and has determined to train native regiments in the future so as to develop, as far as possible, the collective value of their fire. The pages before us give the first results arrived at under the new system. Before we attempt to analyse their contents, we must draw attention to the businesslike form in which they are presented to the public. We have the records of all the practices at the various stations, schools, and camps minutely entered into, accompanied in every case with an excellent survey of the ground on which they took place, and supplemented in many instances with careful diagrams and sections. The great bulk of the volume is occupied with an account of the "field-firing," which was usually carried out under most realistic conditions, and with a due regard to the tactical requirements of the case. It is

the great encouragement which Sir Frederick Roberts has given to these exercises which will delight all practical men, and one need not be a soldier to understand how far more valuable such training must be than the old-fashioned and stereotyped system which only thought of rifle ranges, and in producing "marksmen" forgot that combination and concentration are more necessary to an army than an ideal accuracy of aim. The chief difference which the Commander-in-Chief in India has introduced into the native system of instruction occurs where these principles are insisted on and prominently brought forward in the new method of aiming. If we are to have that fire-discipline which is admittedly so desirable, if fire is to be properly controlled and directed by the officers rather than by the men themselves—as it surely must be—those in the ranks must be taught not only to fire but to aim together. To accomplish this the act of aiming must be rapidly performed, and the aim retained until the word "fire" is given, otherwise it is impossible for an individual to determine at what uncertain moment he may be called upon to pull his trigger. If left to himself to judge how long he may allow himself, the command may surprise him ere he has attained his object, or he may have got it, and lost it again, or in his excitement force of habit may prompt him to let off his rifle when he first lights on it without waiting for his officer. A loss of power and effect will be the consequence of any of these faults, but the last will especially entail bad results, for it has been proved in practice that such premature action on the part of a single individual will upset all his comrades to such an extent as to vitiate the performance of the whole body. Individual accuracy can never compensate for a "ragged" volley, and exactitude of aim must yield to punctuality. When we consider the flatness of the trajectories of modern rifles, and the broadness of the targets which will usually be presented to them in battle, we can readily understand that their effect would be tremendous if every man could only be brought to keep his rifle horizontally to his shoulder when he let it off without any more definite aiming whatever. The accounts of eyewitnesses on recent battlefields agree in their descriptions of rifles discharged wildly at critical moments, either into the air or into the ground, and if men are not trained to subordinate their will to that of their commanders it matters comparatively little to what degree of nicety their weapons are adjusted. It follows that the very accurate aim and gradual pressure of the trigger which have hitherto been insisted on, and are so desirable at Bisley, must be modified if good collective results are to be obtained, and the new Instructions, therefore, while leaving much to the discretion of commanding officers, do not fail to point out the direction in which change should lie. In the earlier portions of the pages before us we have the reports of the progress at the various schools of musketry in India, all of which, we note, are satisfactory, and indicate improvement. We next come to the records of what has been done as regards musketry instruction in the various districts, and we find a complete account of the performances of the different regiments and battalions, and the figures of merit attained by each. The new scheme for awarding prizes, by which collective as well as individual merit is singled out for recognition, appears to have been very generally approved of, and has already had a clearly marked effect in the greater decision and readiness in the command of fire-units displayed by native officers and non-commissioned officers. We observe, however, that all the reports concur in pointing out certain defects which it is hoped will in time disappear. Uncertain and indecisive words of command, failure to point out objectives precisely and unmistakably, and inability to detect and correct errors of position, &c., are faults which section commanders must learn to overcome if they are to inspire that confidence in their men which is the basis of all fire-discipline. The returns from Bengal are the most interesting, because there more of the native regiments are armed with the Martini than in the other Presidencies, and the figures show us better what we may hope for in the future. The general standard of the regiments so armed was "good" throughout, while that of the British infantry was 1.19 points above "very good." As regards the cavalry, the figure of merit of the 8th Hussars is extremely high, being 9.16 better than the best score of the previous season, while the 2nd Dragoon Guards did well enough to entitle them to first place in any but an exceptionally good year. From Madras we hear a less favourable account of the shooting of the native infantry; but we can scarcely hope for a marked improvement while only 2,878 out of the 18,918 men who exercised are armed with the Martini-Henry rifle. The same tale of inferior weapons reaches us from Bombay, and the reports from that Presidency are by no means so gratifying as those from Bengal. Only four regiments reached the standard of what they are pleased to call "good," eleven were "moderate," and ten were "bad." This indifferent shooting has been attributed by commanding officers to the "worn and unreliable" state of the arms with which their regiments were equipped, and the introduction of a new system which they have not as yet fully grasped may possibly to some extent account for it too. We are bound to say, however, that these excuses seem to us scarcely satisfactory, and it would appear that even where their arms are above suspicion some regiments failed to turn them to their best account.

The next portion of the report, which deals with field-firing, will be that which will attract most interest, and the thoroughly realistic manner in which these exercises were in most cases car-

ried out reflects the highest credit on those who organized them. It is true that occasionally the hackneyed neighbourhood of the rifle-ranges was not avoided as it should have been, and the report has not failed to call attention to such instances of a want of enterprise; but as a rule the ground and the conditions have been as near the real thing as possible, and the tactical aspects of the task have been kept well in view. Any deductions based merely on the effect produced by rifle fire on dummies and targets by troops unharassed themselves by bullets must naturally be received with caution, and must not be too confidently applied; but, nevertheless, the training both to officers and men afforded by such exercises in the application of tactical principles, the estimation of ranges, and in the direction and control of fire, can scarcely be exaggerated. Sir Frederick Roberts has turned to the best possible account the great advantages as regards ground which India offers, and has wisely insisted on the opportunities which are there given for developing the most practical side of the soldier's education being thoroughly utilized. We accordingly find that field-firing was carried out in sixteen districts, and that in the majority of cases the three arms were made to co-operate together, and supplement one another's efforts as they would do on service. The operations which were carried out near Rawul Pindi by the division under the command of Sir Thomas Baker, now Quartermaster-General of the army, strike us as having been most ably planned, and may well form a model for others to imitate. The troops in garrison—comprising five batteries of artillery, two cavalry regiments, and five battalions of infantry, with their complement of departmental troops—were moved, under conditions closely resembling active service, to a position twelve miles from their cantonment, and for two days were practised against an imaginary enemy according to an excellent tactical idea, and as far as possible under the conditions which would obtain on the battlefield. The second day was devoted to the assault of the enemy's position with ball cartridge, by the whole force in combination, and, it is gratifying to learn, with most creditable results. All the difficulties incident to a battlefield, as regards ammunition supply, were closely reproduced, arrangements were made for attending to the wounded (who were represented by "casualties") as on service, and a proportion of them were treated as though for wounds by the medical officers accompanying the attack, while the whole appurtenances of a section hospital, bearer sections, and ambulances were made use of and exercised in their respective duties. Such realistic methods of imparting instruction cannot fail to rouse the interest and stimulate the energies of all concerned, and the development of such a system must have the best results on the efficiency of our army. We must not forget to notice some interesting accounts of experiments instituted at the musketry schools with a view to testing the value of night-firing, since, according to some authorities, night attacks may frequently be resorted to in the future as a means of counteracting the destructive effect of modern weapons. The ingenious arrangements by which rushes of Ghazis were represented during the field-firing at Bakloh likewise deserve attention.

A GOOD CRY.

"A FORTNIGHT ago, mother dear, at Boulogne,
I saw a tall gentleman fly
To another one's breast and shed tears on his 'vest'—
Now, why did that gentleman cry?"

"'Tis because, my dear child, his emotions are wild,
And his manly attachment is such
To that man so repressed, with the tears on his 'vest,'
That his loss has affected him much."

"But why has he lost him, dear mother, O why?
Did the bogie man take him away?
And why, when he sees the tall gentleman cry,
Why won't the wet gentleman stay?"

"It is not that he's proud, but he isn't allowed;
They have sent him away in disgrace.
It would fully explain the tall gentleman's pain
If you knew the whole state of the case."

"But still, if he likes him, dear mother, why, then,
Should he chum with the people who don't?
Would he like to go with him away from those men?
And why should he cry if he won't?"

"Well, he thinks, I suppose—or he possibly knows—
Or he has his own reasons in store—
But—his name is O'Brien; he's frequently crying—
I really can tell you no more."

"Look, mother! Another! he's bowing his head,
And his sorrow seems dreadfully deep;
His handkerchief's sodden, his eyelids are red—
Now why does *that* gentleman weep?"

"Well, his eyelids are red because some one has said—
Or suggested—or something as strong—
That Mr. O'Brien, who's also been crying,
Had done—or might do—something wrong.

"And he's weeping, besides, I believe, at the thought
Of the purse that is growing so lank,
And the sum over which they've so lovingly fought,
The deposits locked up in the bank."

"I'm too little and green to know quite what you mean ;
But you, mother dear, are not small—
Do you know how it comes, if they're all such good chums,
That they're fighting about it at all ?

"With their money-box locked, though it seems to be
stocked,
Their blubbing is all very fine ;
But they ought to divide all the money inside,
As I have done often with mine.

"I told Uncle Bray it was empty that day
I was asked to subscribe to the strike ;
But I'm sure I would share the half-crown that is there
With any one else that I like.

"And although you may tell me, dear mother, perhaps,
That it's not for a boy to condemn,
I declare, all the same, that they're cry-baby chaps,
And I don't think I'd like to be them."

REVIEWS.

ENGRAVED GEMS OF CLASSICAL TIMES.*

THE Slade Professorships of Art have produced, perhaps, no more valuable, and certainly no more agreeable, book than Mr. Middleton's *Engraved Gems*, with a catalogue of those under his charge in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Old rings and gems are the most interesting and the least injured relics of antiquity. Time and human greed have often destroyed the golden settings, but the engraved stones are, in many cases, as fresh as when they were cut. When they chance to be slightly roughened, it is very foolish to have them re-polished, a crime of which the last century was frequently guilty. We may see the very gems which gave the force of law to documents, or those which preserve the features of philosophers or of beauties, or which copy some lost work of statuary, or which retain the effigies of gods, or scenes from mythology, or mere pictures of *genre*. Many a dead religion lives in its gems, many a dead monarch of Egypt has left scarce a record save in the scarabs of his reign. The gems of old times are always curious and interesting, and often of the greatest beauty. Unluckily they are beyond the reach of most purses, though occasionally, perhaps, one may be found cheap in some corner of the Levant, or even in some watchmaker's shop. The most curious find we are acquainted with was made in a brook which runs into the Indus. An officer had shot a deer or antelope, his native servant "gralloched" the beast; and, while washing his hands in the brook, found a large chalcedony, engraved with the figure of a naked warrior, holding one of the horn shields occasionally used by jugglers in India. The plough turns up gems now and then in Italy and Greece; but the best preserved and most valuable are probably those found on skeleton fingers in graves. But old gems in their old settings are rare, and the settings are often of very thin gold or of oxydized silver. Occasionally the stone has become opaque, whether as the result of burning or of some natural decay. There is a beautiful gem of this kind, a woman playing the lyre, in the British Museum. In one case, at least, and probably in many, the white is flecked with patches of black as from carbon. Burnt gems, of course, lose their beautiful golden transparency.

Mr. Middleton begins his treatise from the earliest times when the art of writing was rare and the signet was really used to stamp a man's signature. The oldest scarabs are probably the most ancient seals in existence; scarabs of kings of the fourth dynasty may be nearly four thousand years earlier than "the present or Christian era." They are of clay or steatite with a vitreous glaze. The Greeks very much later cut scarab gems in stone, often carnelians. The engraving is usually of rather archaic work representing a mythological event. We need not linger over the Assyrian cylinders, cut in hard stone, hematite, rock crystal, green jasper, and so forth. The British Museum has a jasper cylinder of Darius with a trilingual inscription. The Egyptians, we should have said, also engraved on the gold bezels of rings, but the art is often unexpectedly rude. Phœnician

gems display the usual mingling of Assyrian and Egyptian motives.

The oldest Greek gems, or rather the oldest engraved rings found in Greek soil, are the gold rings of the graves in Mycenæ. Agamemnon may have sealed documents with the ring on which two men in a chariot pursue a stag. We know that the brooch of Odysseus represented a dog seizing a hare. Homer never mentions rings, and so, as many argue, was ignorant of their existence. But the rings of Mycenæ must be earlier than the Homeric poems. The gems found in Mycenæ were on the "lenticular" or bean-shaped pebbles so common in the Greek islands. The British Museum has very many examples, and a few illustrations of the heraldic-looking animals on these gems are published in Mr. Middleton's work. The Catalogue of the Museum gems may also be consulted. These "island gems" are usually cut in soapstone, but some are in carnelian or chalcedony. The artists must have used the engraver's wheel and drill. By the sixth century the Greeks used the scarab-shaped gems of which we have already spoken. Mr. Middleton publishes a photograph of such a gem in rock crystal; a very archaic hero is putting on his greaves. A much more beautiful example engraved here shows a young Bowman trying the point of an arrow on his finger. In this excellent example Greek art is already herself, noble and unequalled in modelling. The date is about 460 B.C. The relief is very shallow, but suggests "more relief than actually exists." A Boreas and Orithyia on an emerald in the Cesnola collection was also a very fine example of archaic almost merged in perfectly accomplished art. Good gems of the period of Phidias are rare; there is an excellent one, of a lady reading, in the British Museum. The Romans took to making regular collections of gems, *dactylothece*. Julius Cæsar and Marcellus dedicated such collections in temples, which also served the purpose of museums. Portraits first appeared on gems about the time of Alexander the Great. Courtiers wore the Emperor's profile; philosophers, those of their favourite master. Heads of Socrates and of Epicurus are common. There are two or three gems with portraits of Lucretius; from that in the Vatican the portrait in Mr. Munro's Lucretius was copied, we believe. It is curious that no portrait of a poet so much more popular than Lucretius as Virgil occurs on a gem. Perhaps poets were less in favour for seals than philosophers; and Lucretius is preserved as a philosopher, not as a poet. The copying of statues on gems is comparatively late. The bronze statue of Apollo in Branchidæ survives in a beautiful gem in paste—that is, very fine glass—in the possession of Mr. A. J. Evans at Oxford.

Roman gems, at their best, are "Greek either in design or workmanship, if not in both." Roman gems often show portraits, or represent the national deities. Augustus's seal was a sphinx; that of Mæcenas was a frog, such as are found in Etruscan tombs. The gold of Roman rings is often thin and hollow, whether the rings contained poison or not, like the

Cannarum vindex et tanti sanguinis ultor
Annulus

of Hannibal. Soon after the early Empire the gem-setter's art decayed. Christian gems are usually very poor affairs. Cameos are less interesting and more tricky than gems cut in intaglio. Medusa's head is a common subject. The example on an onyx in Dr. John Evans's collection was dredged from the Tiber. It is of an extraordinary, melancholy, and mysterious beauty. The few very large cameos in museums were usually given in the middle ages to churches and chapels by emperors and kings. They weathered the revolution somehow, and are as beautiful as their long history is picturesque. At Chartres a cameo of Jupiter, eagle and all, presented by King Charles V., was very naturally revered as an effigy of St. John. The subject of inscriptions on gems is extremely difficult. The inscriptions may be the first owner's name, or the artist's name; but the industrious scepticism of Germany rejects most of the artists' signatures. They were, of course, easily forged, and a signed gem, above all others, needs an authentic pedigree. For example, there is one for which an old Duke of Devonshire paid 1,000 guineas to Baron Stosch, a Hanoverian spy, and a thief who once swallowed a gem, which nothing but an emetic made him disgorge. We like not Stosch's security. The dodges of gem-forgers are many. Mr. Middleton exposes them; but no one can teach us to detect them. There is no infallible test, except, perhaps, the quality of the art, and even that test does not apply to signatures. Benvenuto Cellini and others of his age revived the art, which again reappeared in the last century. Even now there are forgers so clever that they might as well take honestly to the business on their own account. Among good pedigrees is that of a full-faced bust of Athene, in amethyst, with the inscription:—

ΕΥΤΥΧΗΣ
ΔΙΟΣΚΟΥΡΙΑΟΥ
ΑΙΓΕΙΟΣ ΕΠΙΘΙΕΙ.

Now, among the Vatican MSS. was found a writing of Cyriac of Ancona, with a description of this gem, inscription and all, written in 1445.

The Mæcenas, on an amethyst, of the Paris Bibliothèque, was known in 1605. But the learned Furtwängler "has no confidence" in it. The Marlborough Hermes on an orange sard, signed *Dioscouridou*, was described as early as 1589. The same signature, real or feigned, is on the two gems with portraits of

* *Engraved Gems of Classical Times*. By J. H. Middleton. Cambridge: University Press. 1891.

Julius Cæsar in the British Museum. There is a signed cameo at Naples, representing the triumph of Zeus over the Giants, which even "the sceptical Köhler" admits to be genuine. There is usually a learned German to deny the genuineness of everything, from a gem to the Epistle to the Galatians. The engraver's name in this case is Athenion. The Duke of Northumberland has also a cameo representing Philoctetes, fanning his wounded foot with a bird's wing. The signature of Boethius is accepted by Mr. Middleton, but not by Stephani. Mr. King thinks that the signature indicates the copying of the cameo from an embossed work in silver by Boethius. But Boethius may, perhaps, have practised both arts, like Benvenuto Cellini. Benvenuto himself used to buy gems from the peasants, who found them in the vineyards near Rome. He mentions a cameo of Heracles and Cerberus, which Mr. Middleton thinks may be that in the Berlin collection. It is signed *Dioscouridou*, and Köhler distrusts it. The British Museum not long ago acquired Lord Carlisle's collection, in which there is a cameo signed *Sostratou*.

Mr. Middleton's work contains chapters on the methods and tools of the gem-cutter, and on the various kinds of stones used. He cannot, of course, give infallible rules for judging the genuineness of an example. But one proof of good central style is seen "when the design is exactly suited to the very stone it is cut on," a part of the art neglected in the Imperial age of Rome. As to the tricks of gem-cutters, he has actually seen an artist cut a new design on an ancient stone still fast in its ancient setting. This man must have reposed much confidence in Mr. Middleton. Dealers will say anything; we have known a Florentine declare that a head of Paris on paste, signed by Pichler, was a genuine antique. It was a beautiful head; but HIXAEP had done his best to prevent any error. We have no room to follow the interesting mediæval fortunes of gems, narrated in a chapter full of curious anecdote. Mr. Middleton's book is a delightful one, most simply written, and it should prove pleasant reading to many besides the small class of collectors. He adds a good index and bibliography. It would be pleasant if Mr. Evans, at Oxford, would catalogue the Ashmolean collection, and perhaps his own.

NOVELS.

MR. BRET HARTE has certainly not "given us of his best" in his new collection of short stories. The main characteristic of all four is want of point, and a certain confusion of ideas greatly to be deplored in a man who has been capable of producing such perfect little tales as *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and its fellows. *A Sappho of Green Springs* opens well, with the intrusion of a Californian lumberman into the office of a magazine editor for the purpose of discovering the name and address of the author of a poem which has recently stirred his depths, and is signed "White Violet." The man, with his combination of roughness and delicate feelings, is a familiar figure to Mr. Bret Harte's readers, whatever he may be to the dwellers in the Pacific coasts. The editor has not got the required information, and the sentimental lumberman departs unsatisfied; but his quest is taken up by our old acquaintance Mr. Jack Hamlin, who, noting certain botanical indications in the poem, makes a bet with the editor that he will unearth the poetess. The description of the forest of red wood and tree-ferns which Mr. Hamlin rides through on his way to Green Springs is graphic and impressive. Indeed, the reader has a far more definite conception of the locality immortalized by "White Violet" than he has of the beautiful young damsel (and taken-for-granted poetess), who has been educated at a convent, and speaks French and Spanish fluently (p. 62), yet tells her sister to "quit that," and remarks of her brother that he is "a limb. He don't keer." The commonplace, middle-aged, broken-down mother, who is the real heroine, is far better and more natural. But her muse is not an unfortunate one, and after delighting the public for two months "White Violet" subsides into prosperity and obscurity as the wife of the lumberman. The two middle stories, "A Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge," and "Through the Santa Clara Wheat," are only interesting as far as they deal in descriptions of nature. "A Mæcenas of the Pacific Slope" promised better things; but, as in many of his other tales, Mr. Bret Harte has not given himself space to develop his characters or situations. We are flung into a *milieu* of which we know nothing, and are asked to take too much upon trust. Hints are very useful things; but, unless the other person has some idea of what is to be conveyed, plain speaking is better. The reader of the "Mæcenas of the Pacific Slope" is utterly bewildered as to what the vast concourse of opera-singers are doing in the gaudy house where Mr. Rushbrook (the Mæcenas referred to) is entertaining them so sumptuously; and, though Mr. Bret Harte ought to be well acquainted with the manners of American young ladies, surely Miss Grace Nevil's independence of action is greater than would be accorded to a well-brought-up girl of any nation. Still, the most dramatic touch in the whole book

is when Miss Nevil comes to thank Rushbrook for his generosity in making over to her lover certain pecuniary benefits and honourable posts, and discovers by her *fiancé's* unexpected presence and horrified demeanour, on being informed of the reasons of her visit, that he has been trading on the friendship of his friend, and lying to his own advantage. Rushbrook's puzzled acceptance of her gratitude, and subsequent acquiescence in all the projects the mendacious Mr. Somers has chosen to form, are given in Mr. Bret Harte's old manner; but the rest of the story is not equal to this one scene. Mr. Bret Harte's genius is the genius of brevity, which is ruined if it becomes the genius of detail; but he must be careful to suit his subjects to his talents, and not to fix upon those which require more development than he is able to give them.

There is such an imposing array of names on the title-page of *The Way She Won Him* that Mrs. Houstoun must be a veteran at novel-writing, and can claim no indulgence on the score of inexperience. Were her last book considerably cleverer and more attractive than it is, it would be rendered almost unreadable by the style in which it is written—a style that is involved and parenthetical to an incredible degree. We mention this first, because it is the first thing that strikes the reader, and endless examples may be taken all up and down the book. For instance, on vol. i. p. 5:—"His respect for the farm bailiff's wife was great—so great, that he was now about, not only to confide a secret to her keeping, but to—as he in his courteous fashion said—ask a favour at her hands." In vol. i. p. 232, "During those years, Hugh Vavasour's parted from wife had, through a lengthened nervous prostration, been compelled to abstain from seeking relief for her sufferings in the society of which Dolly, under the chaperonage of Lady Sundridge, freely—after she had attained her eighteenth year—partook." In vol. ii. p. 35, "Riding one afternoon in the Regent's Park, Miss Carrington—whose real name, she being a widow, was, as she had previously informed her attendant squire, 'Mrs. Bruce'—the pair came suddenly upon the open door of one of the many so-called villas which in London's least popular park are to be found." These are a few examples out of the many which bristle on every page. Mrs. Houstoun writes systematically, like a school-girl translating German or a schoolboy parsing Latin, and she has a preference for separating her preposition from her infinitive. The story, which deals with the life of an illegitimate, but beautiful and virtuous, music-hall singer, is on a par with the style. The way she won him was merely the "way" that most wives "win" their husbands—namely, by his falling in love with her. The two people alluded to in the title are Miss Ettie Cranston, singer at the Coventry Music Hall, and Mr. Charlie Alston, a handsome, fast, extravagant young officer in the Guards. An unpleasant complication is introduced by the passion for Miss Cranston excited in the breast of a middle-aged married man, called Vavasour, who tempts her to accept an engagement at Rio, in the hope that when these circumstances may induce her to become his mistress. His wife, naturally enough, discovers his infatuation, and insults Miss Cranston, and thereupon Mr. Alston, who is flying to South America and fortune as a steerage passenger, seeks an interview with Mrs. Vavasour, and informs her that the girl is her own daughter. This is a double blow to Mr. Vavasour, who is listening in his own cabin, and he declines to see his wife again. The rest of the book is taken up with describing the late music-hall singer's social triumphs, and in some way, which Burke himself would be powerless to explain, Mr. Alston has become "Sir Charles," and succeeded to the baronetcy of his grandfather Sir Henry (vol. ii. p. 75), though his parents are still alive, and love Ettie "as dearly as if she were their own child" (vol. ii. p. 24). Occasionally the reader's attention is called away for a few moments from "Lady" Alston to consider the love affairs of Miss Dolly Vavasour, a young person who changes her age four or five times in the course of the story, but we soon return to contemplate the excellences and graces of her half-sister. "Lady" Alston is not, however, too high-principled to accept a legacy of half a million from Vavasour, still madly in love with her, though he only leaves 30,000*l.* to each of his daughters, and never mentions his wife at all in his will. Ladies have been known to act in this manner before, but they have not been well thought of by honourable people. *The Way She Won Him* is like the primitive world, "without form and void." There is no cohesion in the incidents, no evidence of a plot or plan of any kind. What, for instance, is the use of making little Fay Alston be stolen by two women and carried over to Paris? No end is answered by it, as there is not a single hint given as to the motives of the two women who kept her living with them for more than a year, and who could have earned 500*l.* at any moment by producing her. Foreign women of dubious behaviour do not suddenly come over to London, kidnap a child of five and keep her well dressed and happy for no reason whatever, not even a revengeful one. This incident is a sample of the rest of the book, which betrays as much ignorance of the world as it does of the rules of the peerage—an ignorance that is by no means compensated by the forethought with which Mrs. Houstoun has translated the commonest French words in a foot-note. Thus—vol. ii. p. 198—*ses tantes*; note, "Anglice, her aunts." Vol. ii. p. 190, *grain de beauté*: note, "Anglice, mole." Vol. ii. p. 193, *la charmante petite demoiselle*—"the charming little lady." In spite of this erudition, however, the uninstructed reader is some-

* *A Sappho of Green Springs; and other Tales.* By Bret Harte. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

The Way She Won Him. By Mrs. Houstoun. 2 vols. London: White & Co. 1891.

Too Apt a Pupil. By R. Cleland. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

times led astray by what Mrs. Houstoun herself calls "*neuf ignorance*" (vol. ii. p. 219). Likewise, a Frenchman would hardly say *la premier ordre*, nor should *pouppée* be spelt with two p's. Balzac's name, if he is to be mentioned at all, should also be quoted correctly as Honoré, and not as Henri (vol. i. p. 235). These mistakes might be overlooked as trifling, if the book had any merits to set against them; but, when we take into consideration the badness of the style, the crudeness and indelicacy of most of the characters, the lack of plot, and the total absence of any kind of interest, our praise must be reserved for the outside of the book, which is of a pretty colour.

The title of *Too Apt a Pupil*, coupled with the design on the cover of a hand proffering a wine-glass to another hand stretched out to receive it, is misleading in its suggestiveness. The least imaginative reader would expect the tragedies of a temperance tale, and he would be woefully disappointed. Mr. Cleland has not the "make-up" of a tragic artist; and, in spite of his beautiful adventures, his supposititious child, his two attempts at poisoning and one of murder by accident, we cannot get out of our heads that he has written a mere tame story of Scotch country life. For tame it is, and the fact cannot be disguised from any one who even dips into its pages. The materials are good enough, but they are beyond the power of the author to manage, and his edged tools have turned and cut him. In *Barbara's Repentance* there were some clever bits of character-drawing, but in *Too Apt a Pupil* the characters are all conventional, and act and speak according to their types. The designing Italian woman, with her fawning grace and beauty, recalls the grace and beauty and schemes of Miss Gwilt, only she is not half so clever and amusing. The two maiden ladies are the same maiden ladies we have known through all time, when they have not had a Miss Austen or a Miss Ferrier to individualize them. The big, blundering, heroic lover is the same, and the shy stately girl and the slippery cousin. What "old familiar faces" they all are! The only person who puts a little life into the story is the vulgar music-hall dancer, who prefers the equally vulgar, but manly, pawnbroker to the gentlemanly selfishness of Eustace Cranstoun, supposed heir to Cowdenshaw. It would be interesting to make a study of the conventionalities dear to novelists, but none is more singular than their love of making people talk broken English. *Too Apt a Pupil* affords endless instances of this. No less than three foreigners indulge by preference in this cumbersome way of expressing themselves, which they even use to each other. Assunta, Eustace Cranstoun's mother, to whom Italian is her native language, and French almost as familiar, says to her (real) French husband, "Glance not, Adolphe, as though I spoke an infamie." And Adolphe replies to her suggestion of murder, "I comprehend. *Ce brave* is to be removed." The "complexion-dealer" makes long speeches in this curious kind of Pigeon English to her Italian countrywoman, and Eustace, who prefers to haunt Leicester Square, and listen to the "French and Italian he has been accustomed to from childhood" (p. 104), falls into conversation with a gentleman who says, "I play not much, I." Of course, it all ends happily; the gentleman turns out to be Eustace's father, consequently Eustace is nobody; the property belongs to the stately girl, who marries the big lover, and Eustace's mamma, with all her crimes found out, betakes herself to foreign parts. No book could be more blameless or more uninteresting.

SIR GEORGE CHETWYND'S TURF REMINISCENCES.*

SIR GEORGE CHETWYND has one strong qualification for writing a book about racing—he knows his subject intimately and familiarly from every possible point of view. His excuses for the work he has accomplished are set forth with becoming modesty in the introductory observations. "As regards myself," Sir George writes, "I may perhaps be excused for remarking that throughout the period over which these Reminiscences extend I have not only owned horses, but have taken, I think, a more active and direct interest in their preparation, engagements, and trials than is the case with the majority of owners. As a Steward of the Jockey Club, and very frequently of race meetings in all parts of the country, I have necessarily made myself familiar with the system of Turf legislation, and I trust that the reader may consider these credentials as sufficient to justify me in the task I am now undertaking." One feels perfectly safe, therefore, in the author's hands as regards his knowledge; and, indeed, it is a matter of common notoriety that what Sir George Chetwynd does not know about racing is not worth the trouble of learning. His competence, from a literary point of view, is another matter, and his style is curiously unequal. Sometimes he becomes turgid; at other times he wakes up and tells a good story really about as well as it could be told. "Racing men," as they are called, will, of course, fly to these volumes, if they have not so flown already. Many a time they have watched a horse bearing the familiar "straw jacket, sky-blue sleeves and cap," cantering to the post, and have had a natural craving to know what the owner thought about its chance; for, whereas Sir George says of Lord Rosebery that you could never tell by his face whether he had lost or won, if Lord Rosebery were to write a book

about racing—were such a frivolous pastime compatible with the necessity of keeping up an appearance of steadfast devotion to high statesmanship—a similar comment might be made on Sir George. In the book, however, the owner of the colours in question is very likely to tell them—all too late as it is for practical purposes—what they would have liked so much to know, for there is much about the preparations, trials, and performances of his horses with expected and unexpected results. But the question remains whether at the time the knowledge would necessarily have benefited them, and the answer is that it might or might not. There is a feverish anxiety to know what an owner thinks about his horse's chances of success. Here is one who has eyes to see and a keenly trained judgment to discriminate, and his experience is that "an owner who bets may be satisfied with himself, and with every one connected with the stable, if three out of five of his 'good things' come off." This is not in the least encouraging to the speculator; but it perfectly explains why it is that members of "the Ring" acquire handsome fortunes.

We were discussing Sir George's literary style, and want thereof, when led into a digression which contains a most wholesome warning to what Mr. Jorrocks—who, by the way, had strong prejudices against racing—calls "ingenuous youth"; though ingenious youth is not in the least likely to take it. It seems to us that the author has not made the best use of his materials, and were it not for the anecdotes that are peppered in with a liberal hand, and a few descriptive passages which brighten and relieve the narrative, the diary method he has adopted would become monotonous. Sir George has also been curiously arbitrary in the arrangement of the book. Thus, 1871 was not a particularly interesting year. Favonius, by no means a great horse, won the Derby, and the racing was in no way of special importance; to 1871, however, Sir George devotes some eight-and-twenty pages. But 1880 was an interesting year, because of the antagonism of two notable horses—Bend Or and Robert the Devil—amongst other reasons; and to the latter year only seven pages are given, and only four to 1881, though there was opportunity here for an account of what American-bred horses have done in England, arising from the circumstance that Iroquois won the Derby and the St. Leger. We do not understand the principle on which Sir George has gone, and indeed suspect that he has gone on no principle at all, when what he describes in the Preface as the unaccustomed task of writing a book began to bore him for a time. The volumes, therefore, are not nicely balanced. Interesting events are cursorily mentioned, and matters not worth mention are set down at length.

That these Reminiscences appeal to a certain class, and will be "Hebrew Greek" to those who do not belong to it, is inevitable. Sir George does not overdo the usual amateur trick of italicizing words, and pointing every other sentence with a note of admiration; but he does employ italics to emphasize a remark made to him by Fordham at Newmarket, that famous jockey having on a certain occasion expressed to the author an opinion that "he should just win, 'because the T.Y.C. took such a great deal of running.'" We can well imagine the mixture of puzzlement and contempt with which the average reader, who, caring nothing for the Turf, sits down to the perusal of the book, would regard the observation; and yet to the visitor to the headquarters of the sport this will, no doubt, be a valuable and peculiarly interesting statement, for the reason that this "T.Y.C.," or two-year-old course, is generally supposed to be an easy one. The inability of some animals to "act," as the phrase runs, on certain courses, is a curious consideration which might well attract the attention of physiologists who do not "go racing," though the reason is in a measure understood—that is to say, a horse with straight or upright shoulders seldom gallops well down hill. The quotation of Fordham's words and several descriptions of his doings, by the way, go far to explain a point which has puzzled many people—why there are so very few jockeys of the first rank to earn the enormous fortunes within reach of exceptionally good riders, when there are hundreds of boys and men with undaunted nerve and the knack of sitting the awkwardest horse. The secret is that the successful jockey must have head as well as hands. In one place we read of the antagonism of Sterling, one of the best horses of the century, and an animal called Vulcan. For adequate reasons the race was esteemed one of the best of "good things" for Sterling; but it was one of the two out of five which are habitually upset. Fordham's judgment and keenness of observation here secured victory. The scene was at Brighton. Fordham, it will be understood, was riding Vulcan, and, Sir George writes, "knowing what beautiful shoulders Vulcan had, when they reached the top of the hill Fordham dashed him down at an alarming pace, getting many lengths away from his opponent, and, sending him along to the bitter end, he just reached the winning-post a neck in front of Sterling, who naturally had made up an immense quantity of ground, but too late." Sterling, it will be understood, was much the speedier horse, but horsemanship—head—won the race. It is necessary to quote with caution, as the book has been so freely exploited by the papers, reviewers having extracted a majority of the best stories immediately on its publication; but, in connexion with horsemanship, the following description of the different styles of Fordham and Cannon will appeal to lovers of the sport:—

How many times and with what enthusiasm have I watched the marvellous riding of these two famous horsemen in a close finish, both perfect exponents of the art of race riding, and yet perfectly different in

* *Racing Reminiscences and Experiences of the Turf.* By Sir George Chetwynd, Bart. 2 vols. London and New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

style! Fordham, with his little short legs looking almost pinned at the knee to the saddle, on which he appeared propped up rather than sitting down, his left arm rather high in the air, flourishing his whip, and riding more with his body and shoulders than his legs, yet getting every ounce out of his horse to the very last stride on the post; Cannon looking part and parcel of his mount, sitting perfectly straight yet right down in the saddle, with the reins in his left hand, driving his horse as it were before him, and raising his whip in his right hand as he goes with the animal in his stride, but rarely actually hitting him, unless as a punishment for some trick or exhibition of vice—never except in the last two strides and then never in the middle of the stride, the expression on his face meantime convincing the observer that his whole soul was bent on reaching the post first. I feel the inadequacy of this description of both horsemen, whose fame will be kept alive in the annals of the Turf as that of Chifney and Robinson has been; but my words may recall memories to those who have seen them ride.

Sir George appears to place these two riders first in order of merit, though Archer he describes as the finest "backers' jockey" that has ever lived. "He only thought of winning the race on the horse he rode somehow, and although he often got into trouble for foul riding, it was probably excessive anxiety to win that led him astray in the excitement of the moment." This, the writer hastens to add, he does not mean to advance in the least as an excuse, and that is well, for foul riding is an offence rarely practised for any other reason except "anxiety to win." With reference to horses, Sir George does not think that Ormonde was the best animal the modern Turf has produced. Kisber he regards as, on the whole, a better horse, and on this point we do not propose to enter upon a controversy, though, while recognizing the cogency of the arguments put forth, there is something to be said on the other side. Sir George had a horse named Kingwood, who was much superior to another animal called Whitefriar—also Sir George's—and Whitefriar pressed Ormonde hard at Newmarket in 1887. Hence Sir George believes that Kingwood, "on form," must have beaten Ormonde. It is possible; in racing we learn from the book that anything is possible; but Ormonde was a lazy horse that wanted to be shaken up or even pricked with the spur, and this race was only over three-quarters of a mile, defeat at which short distance would scarcely have detracted much from the reputation of a horse of Ormonde's achievements; furthermore, Ormonde was at the time suffering from that infirmity of the wind which unfortunately appears to be a growing affliction in thoroughbred stock.

Sir George has much to tell us about the men as well as the horses that have been prominent on the Turf during the period over which his Reminiscences extend, and the dispositions of most of them are indicated by characteristic anecdotes. One special object in publishing the book was, we are told, mainly a personal one, and is connected with the *cause célèbre* of Chetwynd v. Durham. As a matter of taste some few remarks in chapter vii. vol. ii. might have been omitted, but on this head the less said the better. Turf gossip is frequently malicious. Lord Durham's motives were probably excellent, but he appears to have listened indiscreetly to prejudiced gossip and to have been misinformed.

THREE NEWMAN BOOKS.*

OF the three books on our list dealing with the life of Cardinal Newman, one, though amusing, is painful, and another, though not contemptible, is of no great importance. Mr. Fletcher's *Short Life* is sufficiently harmless book-making from the Roman Catholic point of view, necessarily not impartial, but never intentionally unfair. It will, with the caution just given as to its attitude, serve as a sketch of the subject. With Mr. Francis Newman we shall deal presently; the main importance rests with the book which stands between them.

Cardinal Newman, like all men of sense, was of opinion that a sufficiently copious collection or selection of a man's letters, tied together with even a slender thread of editorial narrative by an editor of good taste and judgment, was the best of all possible biographies. A second opinion of his that the editor of such letters as concern the first half of his life must be what he was bound to call a "Protestant," and the editor of the second half a "Catholic," is more disputable, but does honour to that delicate sense of honour which all rational beings admit to have existed in him. Its advantages are obvious; the concomitant disadvantage of having the point of view as it were violently wrenched and shifted in the middle is obvious likewise. But agreement must once more be universal as to the judgment Dr. Newman showed in selecting the editor of this first part. Her position as a member of his family is much; her proved competence as having done a similar service for Professor Mozley is more.

The book is not one to be lightly read or lightly reviewed, and we for our part have given somewhat unusual time and pains to its study. Its contents, some of which are necessarily not new, consist of a brief autobiographic narrative in the third person—a device for which we have no great affection—and a much longer series of links by the editor, both serving to frame a very large collection of letters from and to Mr. Newman. Even after the great amount which has been written by himself and about him,

such a collection may be said to necessitate the beginning of the study of his character and actions entirely afresh, and to be, with his own writings, the only safe ground of such study in future. Fortunately the outward biography is well enough known, and need not occupy us at all. But the result of such a reading as we have declared necessary in the case must be, we think, in all fitly prepared minds a pretty complete understanding of Newman's course of conduct. That course may have been understood before, but the understanding must always have had a certain amount of divination about it; it can hardly have been, except in the case of a few very intimate friends, founded on evidence; while even in the case of those friends the wonderful personal glamour which Newman exercised may have prevented full comprehension. We should ourselves put the finger on three passages here as containing the solution of the whole matter. Though there is scarcely a page—there is certainly no sequence of pages at any length—which does not illustrate and confirm them, the first is the statement that "religious truth is reached not by reasoning, but by an inward perception. Anyone can reason; only disciplined, educated, formed minds can perceive." The second is an expression of disappointment at finding that Pusey's view of the Anglican-Roman debate was "historical, not doctrinal." The third we cannot formulate quite so sharply, but it recurs constantly, in various forms, to the effect that the whole question is a *personal* one, that the writer can imagine (this was after his mind was made up) the Church of England being a true Church for some, and not to him, and so forth. Let us examine these.

The extraordinary first statement about reason, coupled with the third point, explains, as nothing else can explain, that "drifting" of six years which has seemed to unfriendly critics little less than dishonest, while it has seemed to some friendly ones almost incomprehensible. The second explains once for all the fact that, though Newman honestly tried to stop the drifting, he was never able to do so. He took, indeed, the very worst possible means as it was. But even the unhealthy atmosphere of the Littlemore retreat might not have been fatal if it had not been for the strange *idola specus* which beset him there. These *idola*—the purely personal view of religion, the refusal to recognize reason, and the inability to take the historical view—were what led Newman astray; and the most delusive was the last. Taken in conjunction with the others, it may be said to have gone far to prevent him, devoted to the Church as he was supposed to be, and was in intention, from realizing what the Church is. To him, with his evangelical training and his lack of historical view, it was a machine for saving his and other people's particular souls. He argues, as we have said more than once, in the last painful correspondence with his sister when he was on the brink, that he believes the Church of England may be an instrument of blessing to others, but it is not so to him. As if such a thing were, on any conception of the Church—Roman, Anglican, or any other—in the least possible! There is a sentence of Mr. Carlyle's, written not so long afterwards, which has shocked many pious souls, but which contains the root of all sound churchmanship and sound religion and is practically identical with a famous Apostolic outburst:—"In fact, Christian doctrine, backed by all the human wisdom I could ever hear of, inclines me to think that Ignatius, had he been a good and brave man, should have consented at this point to be damned." This "great consent," as Mr. Carlyle himself, had he thought of it, would perhaps have called it, in opposition to the "great refusal"—this thinking of the other people to whom he himself admitted that the English Church might be a true Church; this giving up the merely selfish inquiry whether there was any danger that we are in the position of Monophysites and Donatists, and saying "I will take my chance with the historical branch of the Church Catholic in which I was born, and if the gates of hell have prevailed against it, let them prevail against me too"—would have saved the whole situation.

But there was no need even of such a paradox. Had Newman been able for one second to take this historical view, he would not even have had need of this resignation. No Monophysite or any other ghosts can ever trouble the man who reflects that, even if we found far stronger evidence for a Roman primacy in early times than exists, it would be more than accounted for by the fact that Rome was then the political capital of the world, that for ages after it ceased to be so in reality the *simulacrum* of an empire was kept up, and that the growth of really independent nationalities necessitated the growth of really independent churches. Such a man would have seen that, if such churches did not in fact declare themselves simultaneously or consecutively in all European countries, it was owing much more to political than to religious causes. He would have remembered that Alexandria has at least as strong claims as Rome to primacy on any non-Erastian ground, Antioch and Jerusalem perhaps stronger. A host of arguments such as these would have helped him to whistle down the kindly wind of the Thames Valley the thoughts generated in the miasma of Littlemore. He would have been guided by the unbroken historical thread of the Church of England through the labyrinth. If he disapproved of some things done and of more allowed at the Reformation, he would have remembered that Rome herself has repeatedly innovated (he himself lived to see one huge innovation) in doctrine and reformed in practice. Above all, the perpetual and childish alarm manifested by himself, and even by some of his saner friends, about acts of the Church, or of the State

* *A Short Life of Cardinal Newman*. By W. S. Fletcher. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman. Edited by Anne Mozley. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1891.

The Early History of Cardinal Newman. By F. W. Newman. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1891.

in relation to the Church, would have disappeared. We should personally have preferred that none of these acts—the thinning out of the Irish bishoprics, the promotion of Hampden, the ill-omened and now extinct sharing of the Jerusalem bishopric—should have taken place. But what a cloistered virtue, what a spider's-web tissue of belief, must it have been which could not withstand the ill-judged acts of individuals!

Professor Francis Newman's little book on his brother is instructive, amusing, and a little painful. To persons with some experience in English letters Mr. Newman is hardly a less well-known person than his brother. He is like him in his great intellectual ability and accomplishment, in his one-sidedness (only his is what we may call a manifold one-sidedness, instead of one-sidedness pure and simple), in his perfect honesty, in his most unlucky unworldliness. He is unlike him in this, that his childlikeness frequently becomes, what it never did in his elder, childishness. Much of what is here might almost be imagined beforehand by a shrewd person with some knowledge of his idiosyncrasy. He admires Cardinal Manning (an admiration which "speaks" anybody); he thinks a person named G. W. Foote worth arguing with; he ventures out of mere, though no doubt most honest, memory to give a narrative of things at a vast distance of years, the inaccuracy of which narrative happens to be demonstrable from unquestionable and unquestioned documents written at the time. His narrative even of such crucial matters as the Hampden business and Tract No. XC, with the performances of "a Mr. Ward," is a miracle of mistakes, and his history of the circumstances in which his brother was deprived of—for that was what it came to—the Oriel tutorship could hardly be further from the fact even in the eyes of those judges who think that, on the whole, Hawkins, and not Newman, was right in that matter. He is constantly, even in the compass of this short book, wandering off on all sorts of side issues, and it may most truly be said that one never knows where to have him. And yet, properly used, the sketch is decidedly valuable. After applying the due reagents and qualifications, we get from it the fact (all the more valuable for the necessity of applying these tests) that the Cardinal, honest man as he was, did certainly present himself to this other honest man, who knew him intimately, as a person who from the beginning worked out a crotchet, a peculiarity of temperament, a call it what you will, much more than he obeyed the dictates of reason or the illuminations of fresh learning. It may possibly require a considerable discipline in the art of estimating evidence to work this clear of the more obvious fact that Frank's doxy was not in the least John's doxy, that both were excessively fond of the respective ladies, and that each regarded his brother's beloved as a person who was a great deal worse than she should be. But John's doxy—Duessa, as some of us may think her—was, at any rate, a lady of high degree, and her lover was constant to her. The Professor has divided his affection among such a number of scrubby little sluts that they certainly cannot be put in comparison. Still, the two men, for all their strange differences, were strangely alike, and this polemic of the younger against the elder, doubtful as is its taste as a whole, and less than doubtful its accuracy in parts, is both valuable as bringing out the likeness, and as throwing light on the idiosyncrasy, of the greater of the two.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.*

AS a contribution to our knowledge of the American stage Mr. Jefferson's Autobiography is disappointing. Reticent as regards personal details, modest to shamefacedness in speaking of his own exertions, and parsimonious to a fault in respect of dates, he adds little to our information concerning himself, his predecessors, or his surroundings. Of the founders of the Jefferson dynasty—Thomas Jefferson, his great-grandfather, who died early in the century, and Joseph Jefferson, his grandfather, who survived no later than 1832—he has naturally little to say. His father, Joseph Jefferson, is, however, treated with equal reticence, the only quality that is brought prominently before the reader being a breezy optimism worthy of Mark Tapley. Not very much more recognizable is, indeed, Jefferson the fourth, otherwise the writer of the book; and his son Thomas, already, though only heir-apparent, spoken of as Jefferson the fifth, is unseen.

As a collection, meanwhile, of pleasant and whimsical anecdotes, of humorous descriptions, and of good-natured criticisms upon contemporaries, the Autobiography is likely to remain one of the most popular contributions to a class of literature in which many readers find a lasting charm. The feature of most interest is, perhaps, the description of the vicissitudes of the travelling company in America. This portion to the English reader is practically new. The itinerant life which prevailed in America, as well as in England, is depicted with much vivacity, and the adventures described are worthy to stand by those in *Le Capitaine Fracasse* and *Le Roman Comique*.

The death of Joseph Jefferson, his father, took place, under painful conditions, of yellow fever, at Mobile, Alabama, on Thursday, the 24th of November, 1842, and on the following day the remains were interred in Magnolia Cemetery. These particulars, it may as well be said, like all others which supply exact

information, are taken from outside sources. He was thirty-eight years of age. His wife, his son—the autobiographer, then thirteen years old—and his daughter, who was younger, were left in a condition so impecunious that it was not until 1867 that a stone was placed on his grave.

Young Jefferson had already played many juvenile parts. Like very many of our best actors, he was, so to speak, born on the stage. A "rickety old frame building with a broad gable, facing on a wide avenue, and situated in the city of Washington," was his first playground in which, in a short frock, he used to wander at will. As the son of the manager he was taken on to do duty in long-clothes, and his early appearances are outside the range of his memory. One of his earliest reminiscences is being taken when four years old on the stage in a sack by T. D. Rice, the celebrated Jim Crow. The pair were dressed exactly alike, and, when the infant rolled head foremost on the floor and stood up beside his six-foot companion, whose every action he mimicked, the applause was enthusiastic, and the infantile comedian picked up twenty-four dollars thrown him by the audience, the highest payment surely that was ever given to so juvenile an actor. In 1838 he accompanied his father to Chicago, then just merging from an Indian village into a little town, and on the journey the record of privation begins. On one occasion he had to sing comic songs to the captain of the boat to redeem the company, who were in pledge for their fares. Upon the death of his father accordingly he was in a position to contribute some little to the expenses of his mother. Both he and his sister were engaged for juvenile parts, and Master Jefferson, who inherited from his father a taste for scene-painting, was announced in the bills as assistant artist. His mother, who was of French descent, endeavoured to supplement the meagre earnings of the children by keeping a lodging-house for actors. When obliged to quit Mobile, the most exciting portion of his adventures began. Distances in the Southern States of America are long, and means of communication were then slow and costly. Not seldom the plebeian form of vehicle called Shanks's mare had to be employed, and we come upon such entries as "The gentlemen of the company, myself included, walked from Gallatin to Lebanon—not, however, for the exercise." The extent of this enforced jaunt we are unable to tell. On the Cumberland River, then impassable for steamers, the actors bought and fitted up a barge which they converted into a species of floating camp for themselves and their properties. Among the latter was a small set of scenery. This they employed as sails, by which means they increased their speed some two or three miles an hour. Cutting from the shore a hickory pole, they fastened on this a drop-scene presenting on the one side a wood and on another a palace. "The wonder-stricken farmers and their wives and children would run out of their log cabin, and standing on the river banks, gaze with amazement at our curious craft." Animated with that child-like delight in a joke of which after middle age is reached the actor has a monopoly, the leading man and the low comedian would get out a couple of broadswords and fight a desperate and melodramatic combat on the deck. These were, however, palmy days, and freaks and proceedings of the kind may well have been enjoyable. Had nothing worse than this been experienced the career of Mr. Jefferson would have been less adventurous than that of Mrs. Siddons or of John Philip Kemble. In the course of his "barn-storming," as he calls it, very genuine difficulties were encountered, and there must have been times when the perplexities were unmistakably painful. From the Southern States, in which he had been promoted to play parts such as Glavis in *The Lady of Lyons*, he went on to Mexico. At one time the family, including his half-brother, Charles Burke, who was with him on the Mississippi, were turned out of the waggon and left in the rain by the roadside until one of them could return, and by promises—for they had nothing else—obtain another vehicle. In Matamoras, whither they followed the victorious American army, the manager, after the departure of the soldiers, closed the theatre and bolted with all the money, including their back salaries. Together with another member of the company, Jefferson, who had to support his mother and sister among an unfriendly population, opened a cake and coffee stall in the bar of a gambling saloon. Some lively experiences befell them, and they witnessed more than one of those scenes of slaughter for which the South and the West have been renowned. Again and again they had to hide under the table out of the way of strife, and their coffee-urn was perforated by a bullet. His friend gambled away his share of the earnings, but Jefferson put by enough to enable him to carry his domestic belongings to civilized regions.

There is a temptation to linger over these, the most picturesque portions of the Autobiography. One class of experience is indeed unlike anything the English actor can know. Among the country farmers there were very many who knew nothing of the stage. Veritable pioneers were the Jeffersons and their ever-changing associates. A farmer who had seen their performance in a town was so struck with them that he offered to have his teams brought in, and take them all to his own house. Burke's objection that there was only one house, and not enough inmates to constitute an audience, was overruled. The barn in which they had to act consisted of two log-houses, used as dressing-rooms, and an opening between them, which was floored and covered in. This formed the stage, the people sitting on chairs, &c. out of doors. Information was duly sent to neighbours, none of whom had ever

* *The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson.* London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: The Century Company.

seen a play. "It seemed in vain to look for an audience in such a lonely place, but the farmer was right. Soon after the sun had gone down, the full harvest moon rose, and by its dim light we could faintly see family groups of people—two, and sometimes three, on a horse—coming from all directions over the hill; now a waggon with a great load. Some of them walked, but all were quiet and serious, and apparently wondering what they were going to see." Mr. Jefferson, it is known, is a painter of no mean ability. We wonder if it has ever occurred to him to paint the curious and striking scene. *The Lady of Lyons* and *The Spectre Bridegroom* were given, the whole being at the outset brilliantly illuminated by candles supplied by the host. These, however, in the wind, ultimately sputtered out, and the farce was played by moonlight. A dollar each was paid, and the plays were watched with an interest so unsophisticated that Beausant seemed in danger from an audience indignant at his proceedings.

While under age Mr. Jefferson obtained position and reputation as an actor in the principal American cities. In what he vaguely describes as "the following season," probably 1852, he was engaged for first comedy, under the stage management of Mr. John Gilbert, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and played parts such as Dr. Ollapod and Bob Acres. In 1853 he was stage-manager for Henry C. Jarrett at the Baltimore Museum, and played Moses in a cast of the *School for Scandal*, which he regards as of exceptional strength, including the first comedians of the day. The more important characters were thus allotted:—Sir Peter Teazle, Henry Placide; Charles Surface, J. L. Murdoch; Joseph Surface, J. W. Wallace; Lady Teazle, Miss Lizzie Weston; and Mrs. Candour, Miss Kate Horn. Of Miss Laura Keane—in whose company he was, and with whom he quarrelled—he speaks very pleasantly; and he describes with much vivacity his first essays as a star actor, and the manner in which he came to take up the character of Rip van Winkle, with which alone he is associated in England. His visit to Australia—in the Colonies he was known and highly esteemed before he came to London—furnishes some good stories. Concerning his experiences in England he says little, but he speaks with much enthusiasm of those he met; finding it a great treat "to have the erratic and domineering advice of hot-headed, kind-hearted Charles Reade pounded into one; to be patted on the back by dear old Planché; and to be glared at through the fierce but honest spectacles of Anthony Trollope." Tom Robertson he describes as "of all the men I have ever talked with, the most entertaining." The two usually dined together once a week at Mr. Jefferson's lodgings, 5 Hanover Street, Hanover Square. Descriptions of English actors abound, and are, in the case of Buckstone, Sothorn, Webster, and very many others, accompanied by portraits. The illustrations, indeed, which are very numerous, constitute a noteworthy and a delightful feature in the book. As regards actors unknown, or but half-known, in England, interesting particulars are given. The overweening selfishness and vanity of Edwin Forrest, which led to a scene of terrible carnage, are censured in what are almost the only severe words in the book. Of Burton, an actor whose influence over the American stage, and indirectly over the English, was great, of James and Lester Wallace, James E. Murdoch, W. K. Blake, Edwin Adams, John E. Owens, Henry Placide, Junius Brutus Booth, Barney Williams, F. S. Chanfrau, John T. Raymond, John McCullough, and other actors of eminence, portraits in character and otherwise, and anecdotes in abundance, are supplied.

Mr. Jefferson's Autobiography constitutes pleasant reading. It will be included in most libraries of a dramatic complexion. We are not disposed to encourage the ruthless practice of Grangerising. Few books, however, hold out stronger temptations to the lover of "extra illustrated" volumes.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.*

WEBSTER'S International Dictionary, newly edited by Dr. Porter, of Yale University, is considerably cheaper than any other English dictionary of the same pretensions, and appears to have been conscientiously revised and brought down to date in matters of philology. The student who does not object on grounds of bodily convenience to making acquaintance with the history of the English language in small print closely packed on the tall pages of a big book may make it here with reasonable assurance of not being led astray. We can hardly think that the illustrations and encyclopædic information will enable Webster to compete with the *Imperial* or with the *Century Dictionary* as a book of reference where these fuller works are available. But there are many places and houses in the English-speaking world where people will be glad to have the relatively compendious Webster to turn to. The explanations are somewhat behindhand in the matter of technical terms, as indeed has always been the case in almost all dictionaries. Although the legal words purport to have been revised by the late Francis Wharton, certainly a learned and careful person, the result of testing some of them up and down the alphabet has been anything but satisfactory. Some explanations of military terms, which we assume to be correct and up to date for the United States service, are not so for

English purposes. It may be said with some justice, however, that no sensible reader will expect a general dictionary to be a safe guide in details of this kind. Etymologies, again, have to be given in a short and dogmatic form, and many things are stated as certain which in truth are only probable. As for tracing the literary history of words, it cannot be done in the space; and no pretence of doing it is made. In this respect Webster is preferable to the *Century Dictionary*, which promises lavishly, but performs little in proportion to its greater bulk. It should be remembered, in justice to Webster, that if the later editions owe something to the "*Imperial*," the "*Imperial*" originally owed more to the earlier editions of Webster, which for many years held the field alone. As to Webster's attempted improvements in spelling, which have never been received by English writers or printers, they disfigure the book in English eyes to a certain extent; but we have no right to complain of them, as fair warning is given in the preface.

ANNALS OF THE ARTISTS OF SPAIN.*

THE new edition of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's work will be, if succeeding volumes do not fall below the level of the four now on our table, in every way worthy of the many handsome publications produced by Mr. John C. Nimmo. The printing has been excellently done by the Ballantyne Press, not wholly without flies in the ointment, for we have noted letters in the wrong place, but yet as perfectly as can reasonably be expected. Paper and type are to be praised. In their present casings the volumes are already more than presentable, and who, after keeping them for a space, puts them into the hands of a competent binder will enjoy the possession of one of the very best books of its kind in any language, got up as it deserves to be. These *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, for the rest, were ripe for reprinting. Like Colonel Yule's *Marco Polo*, the work had risen during the life of the author to prices which put it beyond the reach of purses "below the rank of a stockbroker." The four guineas which the publisher asks for this reprint are a manageable sum, and by no means much for four such handsome volumes. Whether the new illustrations, of which there are about a dozen, are of such intrinsic value as to add to the beauty of the edition is a question to which different answers may be given. One of them, the copperplate engraving by Mr. Parkes of Mr. G. Richmond's portrait of the author, has every right to its place, and is pleasant and delicate. Of the others, the mezzotint engraving of Domenico Teotocapuli's portrait of his beautiful daughter is very welcome, and just at present, when the original is accessible among the Old Masters at the Academy, it is interesting to have the rendering of Francisco de Ribalta's portrait of himself and his wife. Still, as a rule, whether because of the difference of the medium chosen (for the additions are all mezzotints by Mr. Parkes) or for other reasons, these new plates do not compare favourably with the steel engravings reproduced from the earlier edition. If the best of them, and in our opinion it is Teotocapuli's daughter, is put beside Mr. Adlard's steel engravings of the portrait of Teotocapuli himself or the plate after Koldan's copy of Alonso Cano's "Lady of Bethlehem," which belong to the first edition, they do not stand the test well. There is a sad want of transparency and delicacy in them. The "Wife of Velazquez" is heavy and opaque, which is particularly cruel, since of all men who ever painted perhaps the least likely to leave the air out of his pictures was that lady's husband. The head- and tail-pieces, drawings mostly of metal-work, and the little engravings in the text are well reproduced. Then, too, it is much, considering the current of the times, that we are spared processes.

The changes in the text are not so considerable as the reader of this edition might be led to conclude from the preface of Mr. Guy, who seems to hold in some sort the place of editor. He says that "During the last thirty years of his life the accomplished author made numerous corrections and alterations in both the text and the notes, besides inserting copious additions, and these are now carefully incorporated." We do not profess to have collated every line; but an examination which is not wholly cursory has not revealed to us changes of much importance. In fact, there were few which it was possible to make. As Sir William Stirling-Maxwell most frankly tells everybody, his book was based mainly on Cean Bermudez, and very little had, as far as we have ever heard, escaped that most patient explorer. What changes were made must needs have been mostly in opinion and style, and for these there was no occasion. When Sir William did modify his words it was not always for the better. Thus in the chapter of the *Annals* which is devoted to Velazquez he had spoken of Herrera the Elder as a "clever brute," an expression which was equally vivid and accurate. The words have disappeared, and, as the passage now stands, we are only told that Velazquez could not tolerate the "tyranny" of his master. Among the changes we may mention that Velazquez is now everywhere written for Velasquez, the form used in the early edition. The changes in the notes are necessarily more numerous. When Sir William first wrote,

* *Annals of the Artists of Spain*. By Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart. A New Edition, incorporating the Author's own Notes, Additions, and Emendations. With Portrait, and Twenty Steel and Mezzotint Engravings. Also numerous Engravings on Wood. 4 vols. London: John C. Nimmo. 1891.

* *Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language*. Revised and enlarged under the supervision of Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., of Yale University. London: George Bell & Sons.

the catalogue of Don Pedro de Madrazo had not been compiled. References are now everywhere carefully introduced. Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell was, indeed, so careful in matters of this kind that he introduced a reference to Mr. Symonds's translation of Benvenuto in the note on Torrigiano in the first volume. We attribute these changes to the author, as it does not appear from Mr. Guy's preface that any alterations have been made either in text or notes except by him. A long note has been added on Mr. John Snares's imaginary discovery of what would, indeed, be a prize—the portrait of Charles I.—which Velazquez began, but never finished. In all probability he painted it out. An interesting addition is to be found in the appendix. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell reprinted the chapter on Velazquez as a separate book with an introduction which is given in this edition. It was a re-doing of his introduction to the Annals. Mr. Guy, or so we understand him, says that it could not be incorporated in the introduction of the Annals, with which opinion most men will agree. The attempt would, indeed, have led to a monstrous botchery. It is, therefore, reprinted bodily in the appendix, and, says Mr. Guy, "The comparison will doubtless be interesting to students as showing the changes, on some points, that occurred in the author's views between the dates of the two publications." The changes are frankly much to seek, but the comparison is interesting, no doubt, as showing how a competent writer can compress himself without omitting anything essential. The arrangement of this edition follows the first in giving the pagination continuously throughout. The advantage of the system is very dubious, and appears so all the more when the tables of contents are put at the head of each volume, and not at the beginning of the work, as they were in the first edition. It detracts, by the way, from the value of this reprint for purposes of reference that the pagination of the first three-volume edition is not reproduced on the margins of these four.

If the reissue of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's great work had been—as it is not—in every way inferior to the first, it would still have been welcome. Not only is one always glad to have what promises to remain the definite work on its subject, but the whole method and style of the work are refreshing. Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell was apt at times to be a little obviously gentlemanly and elegant. Certain consecrated phrases, which were part of the stock-in-trade of the "refined" writer, crop up now and then. There are signs here and there that Washington Irving was a more popular model in the Forties than he is now. But we do not know that we like him the less for being gentlemanly and elegant—and there are worse American models than Washington Irving. If he occasionally uses the phrases of the refined writer, Sir William is at least completely free from the cant of art criticism. The word "sensuous," we declare, with confidence, does not occur once in these 1,565 pages. If it has escaped our notice, we are still sure, such is the confidence his work as a whole inspires, that it is used with a definite meaning, and not as a blare of noise, signifying nothing. He was, above all things, manly and sane, and quite free from the dandiacal mincing affectations which are called "charm" by some. When compared with Ford—to choose a contemporary writer on kindred subjects—he appears a little soft. There is not much fire in his work, and few phrases remain in the memory. But his words are never mere words, and his adjectives are used with at least the intention and the effort to convey an image, not as gaudy dabs. It will not be claimed for him that he was a writer who could ever rank by his writing alone. His literary merit is that he abstained from endeavours to obtain attention by tricks of writing—or rather had so little inclination for claptrap that he had to make no effort to abstain. He was a gentleman, a man of sense, a man of the world, and a lover of art, who was taken to Spain by accident; who began by studying Spanish art for the love of it, and then wrote about it, because he found the subject manageable and the materials fairly abundant; but, as he says, chiefly because no one else had yet written about it competently. "There are," so he begins the preface to the Annals, "but two valid excuses for the publication of a book: one is, that the subject is new, or at least not exhausted; the other, that the writer is so graced and gifted that the gentle reader may be supposed willing to tread even a beaten path for the sake of the pleasure of his company." Sir William Stirling-Maxwell was not unaware of the rights and powers of literature; indeed, it would be hard to put all the law and all the prophets to the writing of books better than he does in these words. But, when he goes on to add that he takes the first and not the second of these excuses for the writing of his own book, it was not mere mock modesty. It was his intention to write as well as he could, and not to avail himself of his quality of gentleman to avoid trouble; but, after all, he was first and foremost a gentleman who wrote because he knew the subject, and liked it. No doubt this gives a certain touch of what may not unfairly be called amateurishness to his work. It has not the authority of criticism by a painter, as such criticism has been occasionally written, nor has it the power of the writing of a man of letters, to whom art has been an inspiration. Yet it has a quality of its own, which wants neither attractiveness nor value. There is a real pleasure in coming across a writer on art who neither pontificates as some do, nor poisons you with technical details, nor wanders off into inconclusive speculation as to how much of this or that picture is the master, and how much his pupils. It is further a real pleasure to read four volumes of art history by an author who never deviates into either of the heresies which beset the straight path,

who never writes of art as if it were something *in vacuo*, nor yet as if it were beneath notice, except as a vehicle for preaching religious or philosophical ideas. Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell does not lose sight of the fact that the art he is dealing with is Spanish, the work of Spaniards, and they again were men of their race and their time. Finally, he is singularly free from the detestable vice of "explanations." He takes his Spaniards as they were, recounts, narrates, and judges, without boring you with those "reasons why," which in nineteen cases out of twenty only amount to telling you with many superfluous words that they were as they were, and because they were what they were, and in the twentieth case harpoon you with a paradox. It is not the worst way of writing about art, nor is it the most common in our times.

THREE BOOKS.*

GYPSY Sorcery and Fortune-telling is the unpromising title of a really interesting book. The subject is one which enables the author to set forth to advantage his vast store of odd learning; and, while we enjoy his genial gossiping style and his curious speculations, which range from the sublimest heights of metaphysics to the esoteric meaning of nursery rhymes, we are in danger of overlooking the magnitude of the task which he has accomplished. The labour of compilation itself, as the copious references show, must have been very considerable; but gipsy-lore cannot be gathered from books alone; and Mr. Leland is always at his best when he describes how he wormed some open secret out of a reluctant Egyptian. He has sought his materials far and wide, throughout Europe and the East; and his appeal to scholars not to waste precious time in criticizing what he and others have done, but to haste to rescue the fast vanishing relics of the childhood of the world from the oblivion which is overtaking them, deserves to be quoted:—

What is wanted in the present state of Folklore, I here repeat, is collection from original sources and material—that is, from people—and not merely from books. The critics we have—like the poor—always with us, and a century hence we shall doubtless have far better ones than those in whom we now rejoice or sorrow. But material abides no time, and an immense quantity of it which is world-old perishes every day. For with general culture and intelligence we are killing all kinds of old faiths with wonderful celerity. The time is near at hand when it will all be incredibly valuable, and then men will wish sorrowfully enough that there had been more collectors to accumulate and fewer critics to detract from their labours and to discourage them. For the collector *must* form his theory, or system, great or small, good or bad, such as it is, in order to gather his facts; and then the theory is shattered by the critic and the collection made to appear ridiculous. And so collection ends.

Another consideration, which Mr. Leland tells us he has always had present in his mind while writing this book, and one which he advises the reader carefully to think out for himself, is that the very first efforts of the human mind in the direction of the supernatural were

gloomy, strange, and wild; they were of witchcraft and sorcery, dead bodies, defilement, devilry, and dirt. Men soon began to believe in the repetition of certain rhymes or spells in connexion with dead men's bones, hands, and other horrors or relics. To this day this old religion exists exactly as it did of yore, wherever men are ignorant, stupid, criminal, or corresponding to their prehistoric ancestors.

This theory—namely, that the spells, fortune-telling, and sorcery which can be found still existing amongst ourselves at the present day represent in a degraded form the religion of the prehistoric races—*la vecchia religione*, as a Florentine soothsayer told Mr. Leland it is still called in Italy—is ably explained in his book. Spells, we fancy, are always more efficacious when couched in a tongue not understood of the people, and when the gipsies came to Europe, not so very long ago, bringing with them a mass of incantations, witchcraft, and pretensions to occult powers, derived from a religion which was earlier than the Vedas, and which is essentially the same everywhere, they naturally and simply glided into the position of hierophants and priests thereof. Mr. Leland quotes an article which appeared signed "A Hindoo" in the *St. James's Gazette*, of September 8, 1888, which points out how in India a knavish *gooroo* can play upon the fears of the simple villagers, extorting liquor and pork from them on pretence of feeding a vengeful ghost, or receiving bribes to "make So-and-so's liver bad," a state of things which one so trusted and revered will have plenty of opportunities of accomplishing:—

Yet of all this [comments Mr. Leland] there is nothing "Hindoo," nothing of the Vedas. It is all pre-Aryan, devil-worshipping, poisoning, and Turanian; and it is exactly like voodooing in Philadelphia or any other city in America. It is the old faith which came before all, which existed through and under Brahminism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism, and which, as is well known, has cropped out again and flourishes vigorously under British toleration. And this is the faith which forms the basis of European gipsy sorcery, as it did of yore that of the Chaldean and

* *Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune-telling*. Illustrated by numerous Incantations, Specimens of Medical Magic, Anecdotes, and Tales. By Charles Godfrey Leland, President of the Gipsy-lore Society, &c. Copiously illustrated by the Author. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

Baboo English as 'tis Writ: being Curiosities of Indian Journalism. By Arnold Wright. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

Miss Drew. A Tale written by Samuel Lloyd on board of the White Star steamer *Majestic*. Revised and amplified December 1890. New York: Belford Company. Chicago: Belford Clark Co. London, England: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co. (Limited). Birmingham, England: Cornish Brothers.

Etrurian, which still survive in the witchcraft of the Tuscan Romagna. Every gipsy who came to Europe a few centuries ago set up as a gooroo, and did his sorceries after the same antique fashion. . . . From this point of view I venture to say that there is not a charm or a spell set down in this work or extant which will not be deeply interesting to every sincere student of the history of culture.

The usual form of the incantations points to a constant dwelling in lonely places, by wood and stream, "melancholizing in woods where waters are, quiet places by rivers, fountains," as Charles Lamb's delicious parody of Burton hath it. Thus the gipsies, always in sweet familiarity with nature, learn to hear voices in the wind, and in the running brook, as did the Highland seer of old, when, wrapt in the hide of a newly-slain ox, he was left to pass the night by the side of a roaring torrent:—

Civilized people who read about Red Indian sorcerers and gipsy witches very promptly conclude that they are all humbugs and lunatics—they do not realize how these people, who pass half their lives in wild places watching waving grass and falling waters, and listening to the brook until its cadence speaks in real song, believe in their inspirations and feel that there is the same mystical feeling and presence in all things that live and move and murmur as well (*sic*) as in themselves. Now we have against this the life of the clubs and of family, of receptions and business, factories and stock-markets, newspapers and "culture." Absolutely no one who lives "in the movement" can understand this sweet old sorcery. But nature is eternal, and while grass grows and rivers run man is ever likely to fall again into the eternal enchantments. And truly until he does he will have no new poetry, no fresh art, and must go on copying old ideas and having wretchedly worn-out exhibitions in which there is not one original idea.

Space forbids us to follow Mr. Leland in his curious speculations about the Norse interlacing ornament as a prophylactic against witchcraft; but we cannot omit to notice the clever and original manner in which he has worked it into his illustrations, in which he seems to have combined his wood-carving studies with the patterns to be found in the "Book of Kells." There is, however, one matter concerning the "wisdom of the Egyptians" which we do not think that he has made clear. When speaking of the *baro hokany*, or great magical trick of the Romany, he tells us, very truly, that its technical name is "to lel dudikabin," which he translates to "take lightment." So far, good; but when he goes on to say that in the oldest English canting *lightment* occurs as an equivalent for theft, he is putting the cart before the horse. Let us compare with this the following extract from his own preface:—"According to Dr. Block, says a writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, January 16, 1889, the corpse-candle superstition is still firmly enshrined among the tenets of thieves all over Europe." "I myself," he continues, "have seen a dead man's hand offered for sale in Venice." Now let us hear what Mr. Dousterswivel says in the *Antiquary*:—"De hand of glory . . . is hand cut off from a dead man as has been hanged for murthure, and dried very nice in de shmoke of juniper wood, and if you put a little of what you call yew with your juniper, it will not be any better—that is, it will not be no worse—then you do take something of de fatsh of de bear, and of de badger, and of de great eber, as you call de grand boar, and of de little sucking child as has not been christened (for dat is very essentials), and you do make a candle, and put it into de hand of glory at de proper hour and minute, with de proper ceremonish, and he who seeksh for treasure shall never find none at all."

When one remembers that *Dudi* is the Romany word for the moon, and thence for light of any kind, the connexion between Mr. Dousterswivel's candelabrum and *dudikaben*, "light-making," as the word signifying "the disappearance of treasure," seems clearly established. Ladies who have performed, or who expect to perform, the ceremony of marriage, will find much profitable reading in the chapter upon old shoes and their uses; and we cannot end our notice of this quaint and attractive volume better than by its author's own words:—"Truly these superstitions are strange things, and no one knows what may be in them."

The original idea of *Baboo English as 'tis Writ* was evidently suggested by Mark Twain's *English as She is Spoke*. Another common characteristic of these two books is their superficiality. *English as She is Spoke* did little more than indicate the unworked mine of treasures to be found in Fonseca's immortal work, and *Baboo English* does but hint at the vast store of delicious blunders which stud the writings of our Aryan fellow-subjects when, as the "Competition Wallah" used to say, they have "learned to talk broken Addison." Probably the amusement which English readers derive from the perusal of Baboo compositions is near akin to that which would be felt by Virgil and Ovid in the Elysian Fields, if they could be provided with a volume of the prize Latin verses of some of our leading public schools. All Englishmen have a horror of talking like books, and still more like newspapers; but the Baboo not unnaturally thinks that, if he can talk and write like the books in which he has learned English, the result will be the modern English language. So he calls a fire "the devouring element," and so forth, and reproduces the florid style of an English provincial newspaper fifty years ago, till nothing except the grammatical muddles in which he involves himself distinguish his writings from their model. But, as Mr. Arnold Wright reminds us, Baboos are not the only contributors to Indian newspapers. There exists in India a class of papers which will, indeed, bear comparison with the press of any part of the British Empire outside the British Islands. Telegraphs and modern facilities of travelling are rapidly effacing the special peculiarities of this Anglo-Indian press; but in former years there was a numerous class of journalists in India who had not had even the elements of a journalistic training, and whose untutored

utterances gave Anglo-Indian papers "an unconventionality of tone which, to any one accustomed to the staid sobriety of home newspapers, was simply amazing." One of these editors, when he found, on looking over the monthly mail, that the European news which would have interested his readers was crowded out by the details of a great ecclesiastical controversy for which no one in India cared, wrote, "perhaps, the shortest leader ever written; but that leader told the whole story of his woes. It consisted of only four words, and those words were 'Damn the Gorham Case.' The effect on the public was wonderful. The paper sold like wildfire, and its circulation was permanently increased by at least 20 per cent." We have left ourselves but little space to deal with the true subject of Mr. Wright's book, and can only give one extract from Baboo prose and one from Baboo poetry. The prose passage expresses native gratitude to Europeans who assisted some homeless natives after a fire. "The silver tides of truly philanthropic feelings that gush forth from the pure fountain of their souls, cannot but claim our dump praise, as words are insufficient to give forms and shapes to their magnanimous character and noble feelings." The following stanza describes the death of a despairing lover:—

Then him we found fall on the ground
As if got mesmerized.
His eyes turned round; he made a sound,
Which made us quite surprized.

The book is as prettily bound and daintily printed as we have learned to expect Mr. Unwin's publications to be.

Miss Drew and the Three Bachelors was written, the author informs us, in eight days or less, on board of the White Star steamer *Majestic*, when on her way from New York to Liverpool. In reply to this piece of information we feel somewhat inclined to repeat Carlyle's counter-blast to somebody who announced that he had translated Goethe's *Faust* in three months:—"O hitherto unknown individual, what can it matter to us whether thou hast taken three months or three centuries about thy work? The only question for us is, 'How hast thou done it?'" Apparently the writer's intention was to discuss the McKinley tariff in the form of a dialogue, which would be feasible, and in competent hands might be both amusing and instructive. The way in which Mr. Lloyd sets about it is to create a Miss Drew, an American girl, with three American suitors, who, being much afraid that she will be carried off from them by some Englishman, propose, as a logical corollary to the McKinley tariff, that a prohibitive tax should be put upon bachelor visitors to the United States. This idea may possibly have appeared amusing to the occupants of the smoking-room of the *Majestic*, but is clearly too thin to be beaten out over 150 pages. So we find the story, such as it is, mixed up with quotations from standard authors, tables of prices in the United States before and after the establishment of the McKinley tariff, discussions on the origin of the American Civil War, on the admission of books and pictures to America duty free, on the tricks of mining swindlers, the future of Canada, the power of the Methodists in that country, a facsimile of a post-card from Mr. Gladstone (before he had read the book), and a letter from Mr. Bright, in which he remarks that the triumphs of the Anti-Corn Law League and other opponents of tariffs are not wrought "with confused noise and garments rolled in blood." The story, which is a mere sketch, is as follows. Of Miss Drew's three suitors, one breaks his neck by falling out of a balloon. Then there were two. Of these, one bribes the other to go to China to study the "Great Wall," that being the nearest thing in the world to the McKinley tariff. These two men exchange letters, then the man who is in China wanders to Heidelberg, where he meets Miss Drew, and they marry. None of them have any characters at all, or make any pretence to being real people. This would not matter if the political economy of the book was better than the "setting," but in truth it is a mere chaos of dreary balderdash. Mr. Lloyd assures Mr. Gladstone that the book will amuse him, and declares that his friends, "some intelligent American citizens," have derived much gratification from it. We think that his friends must greatly resemble those of Mr. Peter Magnus. The effect of the book upon us, with its constant skipping from subject to subject, has been that of a mere nightmare. Here is one of Mr. Lloyd's best stories:—

An Alleghany city voter meant to have voted Republican at the election, but voted the contrary, and explains it as follows:—"When I went up to my polling place on election day I intended to vote for Delamater; but, when I saw a big poster bearing the legend, 'DON'T BE A MUG-WUMP,' printed in such bold type that it seemed to be addressed to me personally, I resented the interference with what I claim to be the prerogative of an American citizen—to vote as he pleases. With this idea in my mind I gave a glance of scorn at the poster and voted the straight Democratic ticket."

This story is not altogether without point, but it has no connexion with the context, and what its bearing upon the question of the McKinley tariff can be we are unable to conjecture.

JEREMY BENTHAM.*

FOR a philosopher who despised history the fate of Jeremy Bentham has in it a tinge of the irony of fortune. He has

* *A Fragment on Government*. By Jeremy Bentham. Edited, with an Introduction, by F. C. Montague, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel College. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1891.

shared the common lot, and, from being a living and a very revolutionary and subversive force—often justly revolutionary and righteously subversive—in the affairs of mankind, has become a fragment of history, a link in the chain which connects more ancient speculation with the theories of the present day. Mr. Montague's admirable introduction possesses more than the value of *prolegomena* to this early essay of Bentham's, which has long remained out of print, and which the editor presents anew to the world. It gives an interesting biographical sketch of Bentham, succinct and condensed, without being dry or dull, and a thoughtful study of Bentham's system, both in itself and in its relations to the past, out of which it sprang, and the existing state of things which it has helped to prepare, as well as to the controversies of Bentham's own time which impressed upon it its form and character.

Jeremy Bentham was born in 1748, of a long line of attorneys, in Houndsditch, who were also Tories. Perhaps something of the attorney remained in Bentham to the last; in his taste for the details of legal procedure, he was in some respects an attorney turned thinker and law-reformer; but the Tory soon disappeared. With a precocity like that of the younger Mill, Bentham read Latin at three. The work, however, which exercised the largest formative influence—to use the phrase now in vogue—upon his character was Fénelon's *Telemachus*, which he read at seven, and derived from it the germs of his utilitarian philosophy. He says, with some *naïveté*, that he, in his imagination, identified his own personality with that of the hero, "who seemed to me a model of perfect virtue." This persuasion, apart from the prototype which suggested it, remained with Bentham to the last not in any appreciable degree impaired. In sentences which curiously resemble a passage which Dickens transferred from his meditated autobiography to the Personal History of David Copperfield, he says that, in an extensive course of novel-reading—which included *Clarissa*, *Gil Blas*, and *Gulliver*—he identified himself with the characters of which he read, under the influence rather of a humane sympathy than of a very quick or lively imagination. At five years of age he was sent to Westminster School, and, at the almost incredibly early age of twelve, to Oxford, where he matriculated at Queen's College. He had scruples, at that mature age, about subscribing the Thirty-Nine Articles; but he allowed them to be overcome—a weakness which he deplored through life. His description of Oxford recalls the sarcasm of Gibbon—who came to Oxford two years after Bentham—on the Fellows who forgot that they had duties to discharge, and remembered only that they had salaries to receive. Bentham's tutor lectured on geography. "This was one of his lectures:—'Where is Constantinople?' and then he touched the part of the map where Constantinople is with a wand." Fifteen or sixteen years later Lord Eldon was examined in Hebrew for his degree. "What is the Hebrew for a place of skulls?" "Golgotha." He was declared to have passed. *Leonum arida nutritrix* might have been the motto of Oxford throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century. Bentham quitted it with unfilial sentiments. He was called to the Bar, but soon gave up the practice of the law for the theoretic study of it, with a view to its practical reform. The impulse to what became, not merely the business of his life, but almost literally his life itself, was given by a trivial incident, which Mr. J. S. Mill quotes from Bentham himself—the discovery that it was the practice in the offices of the Masters of Chancery to charge clients for three attendances when one only was given. If it had not been that it would have been something else. The intellectual parentage of Bentham is traceable to Hume—in whom, by discipleship or reaction, almost all the philosophy subsequent to him had its source, through Kant in Germany, through Reid in Scotland, through Adam Smith in political economy, through Bentham in jurisprudence. Bentham found in his essays that principle of utility as the test of legislation which he afterwards developed with painstaking minuteness.

In 1776 Bentham published anonymously the work, reprinted by Mr. Montague, of which the full title is, "A Fragment on Government; being an examination of what is delivered, on the subject of Government in general, in the Introduction to Sir William Blackstone's Commentaries. With a preface in which is given a critique on the work at large." He had already written some occasional papers, and had begun the treatise on the "Principles of Morals and Legislation." There were as many wild guesses as to the authorship of the book as with respect to the origin of the Letters of Junius. It introduced Bentham to Lord Shelburne, the most curious and puzzling personage in modern politics, at whose seat in Bowood—why does Mr. Montague call it "Bowood in the Lakes"?—Bentham was till Shelburne's death a frequent visitor, and where the sole romantic incident of his life occurred. He gradually gathered disciples about him. Perhaps the most important of them was Dumont, a Genevese exile, to whom on his return from a two years' tour on the Continent he was introduced by Romilly. The literary form of such later writings of Bentham's as had literary form was given to them by Dumont. Bentham collected his materials, and wrote and rewrote his work three or four times over, and then put it away dissatisfied. "Dumont would take the rough papers, fill up the large gaps in the argument, abridge the tedious analysis, simplify the intricate distinctions, drop the harsh unfamiliar terms, soften down the oddities of thought, impart a dash of sentiment, and present to the public a treatise, wide in its scope, orderly in its exposition, and rhetorical in its style." By

correspondence or travel Bentham had become known to Morellet, D'Alembert, Brissot, and Mirabeau; European monarchs asked his advice as to the formation of codes of law for their dominions; at home the Government proposed to erect a prison upon a model devised by Bentham, which he called the Panopticon, constructed something after the fashion of the reading-room of the British Museum. The abandonment of this project, after a Bill for giving effect to it had been introduced into Parliament and a site had been purchased, was the great disappointment of Bentham's life. He was liberally paid by the Treasury for his time and trouble, but that was a secondary matter to him. "He could not bear to look at his papers on the subject. 'It is like opening a drawer where devils are locked up,' he said, 'it is breaking into a haunted house.'" He afterwards quarrelled with Dumont, who had given his writings, in their French dress, European currency. "Dumont," he said, "does not understand a word of my meaning." Perhaps this was because Dumont had made him, what in his later days Bentham could with difficulty make himself, intelligible. Lord Sidmouth, Tory as he was, consulted Bentham on matters connected with law reform, but without any practical result, and Bentham, in whose confidence James Mill had taken the place of Dumont, entered into closer relations not only with legal, but with political reformers of the most advanced time, not only with Brougham, but with Sir Francis Burdett, Major Cartwright, and O'Connell. He became a partner in Owen's New Lanark establishment. He died in 1832 in his eighty-fifth year. His body, embalmed, was presented to University College, London, and, dressed in the suit of clothes which he was in the habit of wearing, seated, if we remember rightly, and leaning on a stick, used until lately to be seen in Gower Street. With a view, we presume, to the greatest happiness of the greatest number it is now secluded from the public gaze.

This celebrated phrase, which had been used by the Scotch philosopher Hutchinson, as Mr. Montague mentions, in 1753, and by Beccaria in 1764, was directly borrowed by Bentham from Dr. Priestley's *Essay on Government*, published in 1768. As an epigrammatic protest against the monstrous faith of many made for one, or for a few, it need not be cavilled at. But strictly speaking it is compatible with the sacrifice of all the happiness of what may be a large minority to a slight increase in the happiness of a small majority. Two thousand persons perfectly happy, and one thousand five hundred persons entirely miserable, would be in closer harmony with the Benthamite maxim than three thousand five hundred persons reasonably contented. Of course this was not Bentham's intention. What he meant was, that the general well-being ought to be the aim of legislation rather than the interests of particular persons or classes. But the worship of majorities has now become so idolatrous, the contempt of minorities is now so predominant, and attempts to guard the rights of the few are regarded with so much suspicion and anger that Bentham's principle, formerly corrective of abuses, is now their shelter. As to Bentham's position in juridical science, it may be said to be defined by the two names between which it stands, of Montesquieu and Sir Henry Maine. To the author of the *Esprit des Lois*, legislation was relative to the peculiarities and qualities of particular nations, and was not to be the same for Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, and Spaniards. He did not neglect the qualities common to all men, but he gave them a secondary place. To Bentham man was simply man, pretty much the same wherever he was found, and though, theoretically, he took account of considerations of time and place, his legislation was practically addressed to human beings as abstract as Crambe's idea of a Lord Mayor. Sir Henry Maine's investigation of the relations of institutions and laws to the prevalent ideas of the societies in which they exist, corrects on the side of history, as Montesquieu did by anticipation in regard to physical and climatic conditions, the abstract generalities of Bentham. As to the *Fragment on Government*, which Mr. Montague has reprinted, we have left ourselves no space to do more than refer our readers to it, and to the admirable analysis and criticism of it which Mr. Montague has given in the concluding pages of his introduction. Apart from his criticisms on Blackstone, it might, as he says, be correctly entitled an *Essay on Sovereignty*—its origin, its aspect, and distribution under different forms of government, its authority, and ultimate seat. The criticisms of Blackstone, though often acute, are perhaps as often captious. Bentham's habit of breaking up the sentences of his antagonist, and considering each fragment thus broken off as if it were a whole with an independent meaning of its own, and not contributory to a general meaning, is like the dismemberment of a living creature in order to detect the principle of its life. His own later style was the retribution of this method of criticism. For he tried to write clause upon clause, and parenthesis upon parenthesis, with meaning superadded to meaning, until each sentence was a superfetation of meanings struggling with and strangling each other. But, after all, Bentham's real works are not the books which he wrote. They are the reforms in the substance and methods of procedure of English law during the past century, to which he has contributed, and perhaps still contributes, more powerfully than any other single agent.

A DAUGHTER OF COMEDY.*

PRINTED on creamy hand-woven paper, bound in blue and white boards, which are tied up with scarlet satin, copiously adorned with Sarony-gravures on Japanese semi-transparency, dotted over with quotations from Herrick, and ballads from younger and more personally impassioned bards, breathing an odour of a willing sacrifice from every page, this amiable quarto is not destined for the rude world. It appeals, like some Rosicrucian relic, to the elect alone, and in point of fact only about a hundred happy people will ever possess it at one and the same time. Mr. Winter needs no introduction to English readers. He is the best known and the best beloved of American dramatic critics, and when he praises, it is with authority as well as with love.

The "Study" is divided into five chapters. The first deals with "Ada Rehan's Acting," a little horn which may be said to devour all the rest. It attempts to distinguish between the qualities displayed by the delightful actress in her various leading parts, to differentiate the vehemence of her Katharine from the passion of her Rosalind, the "elegant insolence" of her Hippolyta from the bombastic solemnity of her Tilburina. Mr. Winter writes eloquently, but we fain would turn from these descriptions to Miss Rehan herself. The second chapter treats of "Ada Rehan's Career," from which we learn some definite facts of interest. The American actress is, after all, a product of "that green island of my sires," as Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy calls it in one of the pleasant poetic tributes which are dropped into this volume like leaves of aromatic verbenas. She was born at Limerick on the 22nd of April, 1860. Not till she was five years old was Miss Rehan torn from Erin, and subjugated to the conventionalities of Brooklyn City, New York. It is an ugly fact for the hereditary-maniacs that "no one of her progenitors was ever upon the stage." Her first appearance—Mr. Winter does not tell us what training she had enjoyed—was made at Newark in 1873, "for one night only." The rose-colour is so uniformly suffused over Mr. Winter's narrative that we are not permitted to believe that she ever failed, or ever suffered from stage-fear, or ever advanced in power in any way. She burst, full-armed, from the forehead of Brooklyn. We do not believe it; so very true an artist must have suffered from some vicissitudes of skill and of fortune. Her first regular professional engagement, we are told, was made in Philadelphia in 1873. Mr. Augustin Daly's attention was originally drawn to Miss Rehan four years later, when she happened to be playing Bianca in *Katharine and Petruchio*, but it was in 1879, after his seeing her in the part of Mary Standish, in *Pique*, that Mr. Daly was so much delighted with her art that he immediately engaged her at the Olympic Theatre, New York. Since that time, as all the world is more or less aware, Miss Rehan has been "the leading lady at Daly's Theatre," and in this capacity has burst four times, a fashionable luminary, upon the benighted world of Europe. The first of these visits was made in 1884, and since then we have seen her in London each alternate year.

A third chapter is occupied with "Ada Rehan's Rosalind." The fourth deals with the auspicious events which attended "Ada Rehan's London Seasons"; this chapter, which is in prose and verse, proceeds from the pen of Mr. J. H. McCarthy, M.P. One of this gentleman's graceful copies of verse so neatly sums up the lady's principal successes that we can do no better than quote from it:—

O happy generation that can see
The dearest daughter of Melpomene
Play all those queens of gracious carnival,
From passionate *Nancy* to enchanting *Val*;
That can behold the wild *Miss Hoyden* curl
Her laughing lip, or love the *Country Girl*;
Or, in the shade of Attic olive-trees,
Pay homage to the *Wife of Socrates*,
And with *Petruchio* kiss the silken shoe
Of *Katharine*, the divine Italian shrew;
Or tread the ways of Arden Wood to find,
How blest! in you the "Heavenly *Rosalind*."

A final chapter gives a catalogue of "Ada Rehan's Repertory" from 1874 to 1890, from which it appears that she has already adorned not fewer than one hundred and forty-two characters.

The most valuable part of this pretty volume, however, must be admitted to be the twenty-one plates which illustrate it, since these preserve for posterity the actual positions and features of the exquisite artist. Yet it is doubtful how far even these can give, to those who have not seen her, any idea of the beauty and vivacity of Miss Rehan's creations. For instance, those who have enjoyed her interpretation of "Miss Hoyden" may be glad to refresh their memory with the plate opposite p. 11. But the photograph is excessive in its lights and shadows, destroys the foreshortening of the white dress, plunges the face and hair into blackness, makes the form of the arms absurd, and is, at best, a travesty of the original. "Mrs. Ford," opposite p. 27, gives a much better idea of the sparkling life of the actress. "Jenny O'Jones," p. 29, though as much of a caricature as though Goya or Sargent had painted it, is full of character. "Katharine," p. 59, erect in her voluminous draperies, is happier than most; and, on the whole, these illustrations, if looked at with an imaginative eye, may give a stranger some notion of Miss Rehan's force and opulence. To one who is accustomed to watching her act in great parts, they give more

than this, and are indeed invaluable notes for the service of memory. In closing, a single word to Mr. Winter. In the preparation of such a volume as this, eulogy is not merely permissible, but *de rigueur*. Yet praise should be held within reasonable limits. Miss Rehan is a lady of admirable judgment, and we are sure that when she is told that "in the presence of such women as Ellen Terry and Ada Rehan—the representative actresses of England and America—Tyndall, with all his learning, Gladstone, with all his eloquence, Tennyson, with all his poetic genius, subside to a second place," she smiles—as we do. Moderation, if you please, good Mr. Winter!

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

THE first edition of Bishop Lightfoot's *Clement of Rome*, published in 1869, was necessarily incomplete, the full text of this Father not being known until the discovery of the Constantinople MS. by Bryennius, in 1875. In the following year a complete Syriac translation was found by Professor Bensly, in a MS. purchased for the Cambridge Library. The chief results of these remarkable discoveries were embodied by Lightfoot in an *Appendix*, published in 1877. The new edition, embodying the work of the last years of the Bishop's life, contains the substance of these earlier publications, with some other papers of great interest and value. One or two of the discussions are unfinished, owing doubtless to the strain of failing health. The author, we are told in the preface, laboured on at his task, with unflinching courage, till the pen dropped from his hand three days before his death. But the work was practically finished. The two volumes, though inferior in interest to the magnificent edition of Ignatius, exhibit the same great qualities in undiminished vigour, and form a worthy crown to the achievements of one who will be remembered among the greatest of English scholars. It is not possible for us to do more than state the general conclusions of Bishop Lightfoot's extraordinarily minute and comprehensive investigations. He holds that Clement was probably a member of the Imperial Flavian household, which included a vast number of dependents, ranging in position from common slaves up to secretaries and officers of the Civil Service.

* *The Apostolic Fathers.* Part I. Vols. I. and II. *St. Clement of Rome.* Revised Text, with Introductions, Notes, Dissertations, and Translations. By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., &c., Lord Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. London: Wm. Isbister, Limited.

The Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages upon the Christian Church. Hibbert Lectures for 1888. By the late Edwin Hatch, D.D., Reader in Eccl. Hist. in the University of Oxford. Edited by A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., Principal of Mansfield Coll., Oxford. London: Williams & Norgate.

The Development of Theology in Germany since Kant, and its Progress in Great Britain since 1825. By Otto Pfleiderer, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. Translated under the Author's supervision by J. F. Smith. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Toku-ro-Vaha. By Alfred Edersheim, M.A. Oxon. &c. Sometime Grinfield Lecturer on the Septuagint in the University of Oxford. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

A Modern Apostle: Alexander N. Somerville, D.D. By George Smith, C.I.E., LL.D. With Portrait, Map, and Illustrations. London: John Murray.

The Spiritual Development of St. Paul. By the Rev. George Matheson, M.A., D.D., Minister of the Parish of St. Bernard's, Edinburgh. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

The Book of Isaiah. Vol. II., chaps. xl.-lxvi. By George Adam Smith, M.A., Minister of Queen's Cross Church, Aberdeen. (Expositor's Bible.) London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Biblical Commentary on the Prophecies of Isaiah. By Franz Delitzsch, D.D., Leipzig. Translated from the Fourth edition. Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

A History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ. By Emil Schürer, Professor of Theology at the University of Giessen. Translated by Rev. John Macpherson, M.A. Division I. Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and to Philemon. By Joseph Agar Beet. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Lectures on Christianity and Socialism. Delivered at Lambeth Baths in February and March 1890, by Alfred Barry, D.D., D.C.L., Assistant Bishop in the Diocese of Rochester and late Primate of Australia. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

The Church of the First Days: Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple. New edition. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Intermediate State between Death and Judgment. By H. M. Luckock, D.D., Canon of Ely. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

The Silent Voice; and other Discourses. By W. Garrett Horder. London: Wm. Isbister, Limited.

Things Present and Things to Come. By J. B. Johnson, M.A., Assistant Priest of St. Columba's Church, Haggerston. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited.

Peter's Rock in Mohammed's Flood; from St. Gregory the Great to St. Leo III. Being the seventh volume of the "Formation of Christendom." By Thomas W. Allies, K.C.S.G. London: Burns & Oates, Limited.

The Bible True from the Beginning. By Edward Gough, B.A. (Lond.) Vol. IV. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited.

The Official Report of the Church Congress held at Hull. Edited by the Rev. C. Dunkley, Vicar of St. Mary's, Wolverhampton. London: Bemrose & Sons.

The Biblical Illustrator—Philippians. By the Rev. Joseph S. Exell, M.A. London: James Nisbet & Co.

* *Ada Rehan: a Study.* By William Winter. New York. 1891.

He may have been a Greek-speaking Jew, and was most likely a freedman and client of Flavius Clemens, the husband of Domitilla, the first the cousin, the latter the niece, of the Emperor Domitian. Flavius Clemens was put to death and Domitilla was banished by the Emperor as Christians; but the wife survived to endow the Church with the place of sepulture which bears her name. Clement, the writer of the Epistle, was third of the Roman bishops. This is shown by an elaborate and apparently conclusive examination of the Papal lists, the upshot of which is that the divergences of the Liberian catalogue are due merely to the blunders of transcribers. As regards the names of the first bishops on the roll, Bishop Lightfoot "sees no reason to question that they not only represent historical persons, but that they were bishops, in the sense of monarchical rulers, of the Roman Church." Perhaps the most important point in the criticism of the Epistle itself is the treatment of certain resemblances in the concluding chapters to ancient liturgies. Bishop Lightfoot thinks that these resemblances are not due to the use of a written liturgy at that date in the Church of Rome, but represent an intermediate stage, in which unfettered oral prayer was gradually assuming fixity of method and expression. He considers that the earliest Christian services were largely moulded on the worship of the Jewish Synagogues, and points out some very striking analogies between the two. The point is one which, as Bishop Westcott suggests in the preface, is well worthy of the attention of students. The Second Epistle, as it was once called, is really a homily preached in the Church of Corinth in the first half of the second century. The second volume contains an exhaustive paper on Hippolytus, his works, and his many confusing legendary namesakes. Dr. Lightfoot maintains that this famous saint was a bishop, not of Portus, but in Portus, a sort of unattached missionary bishop for the mixed and fluctuating population of the Roman seaport, and not an antipope, as Döllinger thought, though a bitter opponent of both Zephyrinus and Callistus. If we may venture two remarks on this paper, they are, that the charge of Novatianism against Hippolytus is rather hastily dismissed—undoubtedly he represents the stern disciplinary views which came to be associated with the name of Novatus, but existed long before the schism—and that the connexion of Hippolytus with Portus rests on the poem of Prudentius, which is unquestionably mythical in respect of the details of the martyrdom, and may be so in this point also. The saint was represented as torn to pieces by horses, like the son of Theseus, and, as the one tragedy occurred by the seashore, so also, in the view of painter and poet, did the other. A most interesting point in this paper is the suggestion that the famous Muratorian Fragment was originally composed by Hippolytus in Greek iambics. Following this are two unfinished papers, one on the connexion of St. Peter with Rome—which is regarded as strictly historical—and one on the Epistle of Barnabas, the date of which is fixed in the reign of Vespasian. It should be mentioned that at the end of the first volume there will be found a well-executed autotype of that part of the Constantinople MS. which includes the text of the two Epistles of Clement.

Mr. Gladstone cannot fail to be instructive when he takes up his parable against disintegration, and his book, *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*, is a proof of the ineradicable, and even exaggerated, conservatism of his nature. But it has a value far beyond this personal interest. The most formidable part of the Agnostic army is the light-armed swarm of sneerers, scoffers, and gibbers which hovers upon its flanks. The camp-followers are worse than the regular troops. But when an eminent statesman declares that he still respects the Bible, it is no longer easy to sneer. Thersites has met with Ulysses. Again, Mr. Gladstone's authority will call attention to the fact that the considerations governing the controversies at present being waged on the ground of Scripture turn not so much on minute points of Hebrew and Greek scholarship as on general literary and religious ideas, of which any well-educated religious man is a fairly competent judge. Where Mr. Gladstone stands upon this ground he is very strong; where he wanders off to exchange buffets with those whom we regret to see he calls "scientists," the result is not so satisfactory. What could be better, for instance, than his summary of the lesson taught in the first chapter of Genesis? "It has not been by a slight or single effort that the nature in which you are moulded has been lifted to its present level; you have reached it by steps and degrees, and by a plan which, stated in rough outline, may stir your faculties, and help them onwards to the truth through the genial action of wonder, delight, and gratitude." It only remains to be added that "the writer's business was to use those words which would best convey the lesson he had to teach," and the defence is complete. There is no need to ask whether present remains do or do not "indicate a large presence of infusorial protophytes in the early seas." Such a question implies an absolutely impossible notion of revelation. In the chapter on the Law, which certain critics suppose to have had no operative existence till after the Exile, Mr. Gladstone makes a strong point of the Samaritan Pentateuch. How can this have come into existence after the fall of the monarchy, or, indeed, after the schism? "Is there any rational supposition, except that the Kingdom of Israel had possessed at the time of Rehoboam some code corresponding in substance, in all except pure details, with that which was subsequently written out in the famous manuscripts we now possess?" This would seem to be a very crucial question, and it is not easy to see any other answer than that which Mr. Gladstone suggests.

It is greatly to be regretted that Dr. Hatch did not live to put the finishing touch to his Hibbert Lectures. The editors have done their duty faithfully, and strung the Sibylline leaves together as well as they could. But in spite of their conscientious diligence the concluding, and by far the most important, lectures are little better than skeletons. Nor is it clear that the subject, *The Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages upon the Christian Church*, had assumed its final shape in the writer's own mind. Some detached points are worked out in very brilliant and thoroughgoing fashion. The descriptions of Greek education under the Empire, of the Rhetorical schools, and of Allegorism, are excellent, and in many directions the book will be found a perfect mine of information. But the treatment even of Hellenism, especially on the philosophic side, is inadequate; the contents of primitive Christianity are taken for granted, yet so that it is not easy to feel sure what Dr. Hatch thought them to be; and, consequently, when we come to the bridge between the two, we find nothing but hints, uncertainties, and hasty conclusions. To whatever length the *Verweltlichung* of the Church may have been carried, in the anxiety of her rulers to persuade a naughty world to go a little straighter, it is a hasty conclusion to say that "the victory of Greek ethics was complete." Pascal might, perhaps, have been pardoned for saying such a thing of the Jesuits in the heat of conflict; but it is not an assertion that should be made by a scholar in cold blood. Here, as in other cases, Dr. Hatch allowed his quick perception of analogies to blind him to fundamental differences. But the interest of the debate turns, not on the *Verweltlichung*, but on the *Hellenisierung* of the Church. Were the Sacraments derived from the Mysteries, and was Nicene doctrine suggested by Greek philosophy? Dr. Hatch plays round this question, but does not really attack it. "The absorption" of Hellenism by the Church, he says, "was less of speculation than of the tendency to speculate." More than once he repeats "I will not say that the Fathers were wrong." But the drift of the book is that Nicene theology was either a corruption or a development. If it is a corruption, we ought to go back to the original Gospel, whatever that was. If it is a development, there is no reason why Mr. Huxley should not continue what St. Athanasius began. It is only fair to repeat that this vital question is handled mainly in the concluding fragmentary lectures. Upon the whole, it may be said that Dr. Hatch's speculative power was not equal to his genius for the acquisition of knowledge. The great German scholar, whose ideas Dr. Hatch appears to reflect, ranks Athanasius far higher, and considers that he saved the Church from being completely heathenized. He means, of course, not that Athanasius was right, but that the religious life would have been destroyed by the philosophic tendency expressed in Arianism. This is a singular paradox, and, though Dr. Hatch was not permitted to contribute effectively towards its solution, it is to be hoped that English scholars will not allow the subject to drop without pushing the investigation he has opened to more fruitful results.

Those who are preparing to embark on the weltering sea of German theological speculation will find a useful compass, at any rate for one part of their voyage, in Dr. Pfeiderer's *Development of Theology*. The first section of the work is the best. It is, if we may presume so to apply the term, apologetic, and aims at showing that German divines of the advanced school are not really destructive, but have only swept away antiquated superstitions to put something much better in their place. This aim the author carries out by a succinct and clear sketch of the movement of idealistic philosophy from Kant to Hegel, and of the co-ordinate phases of dogmatic theology. The only remark that need be made upon this section is that Dr. Pfeiderer does not point out what is the essential difference between modern Idealism and ancient Platonism, or why we should expect Idealism to destroy the Creed, when the Creed destroyed Platonism—that is to say, as a religion. The following section on Biblical and Historical Theology is useful, but not so serviceable as the former, partly because the subject does not admit of adequate treatment in so restricted a space, partly because of the writer's personal equation. Here occurs the only instance of unfairness on the part of the author towards a fellow-countryman. But the depreciatory notice accorded to so eminent a scholar as Professor Adolf Harnack may be regarded as a tear dropped upon the tomb of Baur. The final section on the progress of theology in Great Britain since 1825 would have been better omitted. It mars the unity of the work, and an author who can find nothing better than sneers for Lightfoot, Westcott, and Salmon would have consulted better for his own reputation by preserving a judicious silence.

Toku-vu-Vohu is apparently the title chosen by the late Dr. Edersheim for a kind of spiritual diary which he kept during the last seventeen years of his life. To this collection of *pensées* a brief biographical notice has been prefixed by his daughter. Unless our Hebrew fails us, the title means "without form and void." Formless the little volume is necessarily, but by no means void. A certain element of romance attaches to Dr. Edersheim's life, which was not unlike that of the wandering scholars of the middle ages, and Miss Edersheim tells very gracefully how the bright young Austrian Jew came to find a congenial home as a Divinity professor at Oxford. The diary gives an interesting glimpse into the mind of a learned, intelligent, and attractive man; a kind of Ulysses of the religious world who knew Judaism to the bottom, and tested many Christian communities before he found the rest he desired in the Anglican Church.

Dr. Alexander N. Somerville (born 1813, died 1889) was one of the most conspicuous figures in the Scotch Free Kirk. He was a considerable preacher of the Revivalist type, did excellent work as a parish minister in Glasgow, and spent his latter years in travelling all over the world, founding, organizing, and encouraging missions. Much of his labour in the latter direction was mere waste. He undertook to convert Berlin and Athens, not knowing a word of German or of Greek, and "thirteen world-tours" make a globe-trotter rather than a *Modern Apostle*. But there was a buoyant enthusiasm about the man which attracted all hearts, and, if he was a bird of passage, he dropped good seed, often in the most unlikely places.

Dr. Matheson's *Spiritual Development of St. Paul* is a book that can be recommended to all students of the Epistles; it is not biographical, nor doctrinal, but aims at reproducing the religious experience of the Apostle. Dr. Matheson distinguishes three great stages, or struggles, in St. Paul's Christian life, the first coinciding with the retirement to Arabia, the second with the sojourn at Antioch, the third with the composition of the Epistle to the Galatians. Points that deserve special attention are the significance attributed to the "thorn in the flesh," the conception of the Law as something that could be perfectly kept, and had been so kept by St. Paul, and the contentions that St. Paul originally preached circumcision, and derived his conviction of sin, not from the Law, but from the knowledge of Christ's life, imparted to him by St. Peter and St. James at Jerusalem. There is much food for debate in the book, but it is a valuable contribution to the study of Paulinism, and cannot be read without profit.

In his second volume on *The Book of Isaiah* Mr. Smith deals with the last twenty-seven chapters, which are attributed in the main to an unknown prophet living in the time of the exile. The book contains a special discussion on the word Righteousness, which will be found valuable, though the important question of the relation of righteousness to the Law is rather evaded. The exposition of the great fifty-third chapter is an excellent specimen of discursive exegesis.

Messrs. Clark send us the second volume of Delitzsch's *Biblical Commentary on the Prophecies of Isaiah*, concluding the work; also the second volume of the first division of Schürer's *History of the Jewish People*, in which the political history of Palestine is carried down to A.D. 135. The volume contains the history of the sons of Herod, of the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus, and of the revolt of Bar-Cochba.

Mr. Agar Beet's *Commentary on Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and Philemon*, is the work of an able and amiable Wesleyan. It is addressed to those who possess little or no Greek, yet wish to know what the best scholars have to say. The interests of the author lie mainly in catholic doctrine and the devotional life, and he treats those subjects attractively with good sense and deep feeling. The manner in which he explains the passage about Our Lord's "emptying Himself" is excellent. The most remarkable part of the book is an essay on "Paul's conception of the Church." Mr. Beet admits that "Christ designed His people on earth to be joined in outward and visible fellowship," and even that in the adoption of Episcopacy the Church was "guided by what seems to me to have been a Divine instinct." Yet he maintains that the existence of our thousand and one sects shows that "the Church of Christ has entered on a new stage of development," and that division, with all its waste of power and sympathy, is in some way necessary for the nutriment of different types of religious life. But what has become of "Christ's design"?

It is surely a striking fact that a course of *Lectures on Christianity and Socialism* should have been delivered by a Bishop to a large audience of South Londoners, "of whom the large majority were evidently of the working class," and that the free discussion following each of the lectures, though apparently lively enough, should have kept within decent bounds. The chief fault of the book is in its title. It is directed not against Socialism, which in England is not a power to be reckoned with, but against "government by the poor in the interests of the poor," which is a different and much more formidable thing. Bishop Barry is neither very clear nor very bold, but he inculcates sound moral teaching in a dignified and impressive style.

Dr. Vaughan has republished in one volume, under the title of *The Church of the First Days*, his well-known lectures on the Churches of Jerusalem, the Gentiles, and the World.

There can be no objection to speculations on the state of the soul after death, provided that the distinction between pious opinion and revelation is scrupulously acknowledged. Canon Luckock, in his *Intermediate State between Death and Judgment*, hardly observes this distinction with sufficient fidelity. Otherwise he could not have found fault with St. Augustine for never speaking of Purgatory without a "perhaps." The Saint here is wiser than the Canon. Doctrines of Purgatory may be divided into two classes, according as they teach that there is, or that there is not, a probation after this life. Canon Luckock does not wholly accept either view, but thinks that, while as a rule there is no second probation, in the case of the heathen, or the practically heathen, there is. This view, while more dangerous to responsibility than either of the others, appears to disparage the virtue of the universal Logos, which was the prevailing belief of the ancient Church.

Two volumes of sermons have reached us—*The Silent Voice; and other Discourses*, by W. Garrett Horder; and *Things Present and Things to Come*, a scholarly piece of work by J. B.

Johnson, containing, amongst other things, an interesting discussion of the Kenosis question.

We have received the seventh volume of Mr. T. W. Allie's *Formation of Christendom*. It is entitled *Peter's Rock in Mohammed's Flood*, and extends from Gregory the Great to Leo III.; also *The Bible True from the Beginning*, vol. iv., by Edward Gough; the *Report of the Church Congress held at Hull*; and a volume of Mr. Exell's *Biblical Illustrator* (Philippians).

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE have been some excellent numbers of the series called *Les grands écrivains français* (1), but for sheer pleasantness of reading we do not think that any contribution has excelled, if any has equalled, that of the clever lady who calls herself Arvède Barine on the author of *Paul et Virginie*. For that famous work itself we have even less affection than Arvède Barine, who criticizes it pretty frankly, but puts it, on the whole, high, with, we must confess, the formidable assent of two such persons as Sainte-Beuve and Gautier. It has always seemed to us a rather slimy little book, neither frankly passionate nor candidly moral. But this is one of the points where Englishmen and Frenchmen are at different visual angles, and can never exactly take, though they understand and allow for, each other's point of view. Arvède Barine's general criticism of Saint-Pierre is sound, though we should not have thought that any competent student of French literature ignored—to the extent to which she seems to think it is ignored—the importance of him as a middle step between Rousseau on the one hand and Chateaubriand and Lamartine on the other. She is rather severe on his personal character, and there is no doubt that it was in too many respects like that of his master Rousseau. But there must have been something not a little amiable in a man who as a young man achieved the impossible by carrying on an unbroken friendship with Rousseau himself, and as an old one seems to have made himself adored by two successive wives thirty and forty years younger than himself. The most amusing part of the book is the earliest, which tells the story of Bernardin's extraordinary "odyssey," as the French say, west, north, east, and whither not, of his "sensibility," his crotchets, his astounding want of common sense, with an *enjoué* wit which is quite French, and at the same time with a quiet humour which is almost wholly English.

It would be almost excusable, though ungracious and arrogant, in an Englishman to say, "After Carlyle we really do not want M. Ernest Lavisse" (2). And, indeed, M. Lavisse can pretend neither to the demonic power of the Englishman's style, nor to his vision, nor to his superhuman faculty of arranging and grouping the infinitely little of fact into the infinitely great of history. But a good deal has been added in the course of the last thirty years even to the mountain of documents under which Carlyle himself groaned, and the clear, somewhat colourless abstract of a Frenchman, made, as it was sure to be, from a different point of view, is not superfluous. M. Lavisse is very learned, and he is very fair. He naturally has no interest in disguising what Carlyle would fain have disguised if he could—that Frederick had a simply detestable character; that, if less ungentlemanly, he was more unamiable, than Napoleon himself. But he sets down nothing in malice, and he even tries to extenuate.

M. Claude Couturier (3) in his study of a new "progress" of the old kind which is, we think, his first novel, has not gone to a good school, but he has shown proof of talent. The heroine is distinctly pathetic, and she cannot be said to be impossible. Having married not according to the ordinary French fashion, but for love, she in a very few months transfers her affections to her husband's dearest friend, and, as he is too honourable to take advantage of the situation, in a few months or weeks more she falls a victim to a vulgar but enterprising *bellâtre* of a tenor. After this she leaves her husband's house and sinks lower and lower, all, it would seem, not from any actually vicious tendencies, but from pure weakness. Despite the subject, the details are not "scabrous" and the book shows promise; but it is in a wrong way.

M. Maurice Drack's stories in *Le boudoir bleu* (4) are not for the grave and the precise ones; but they are frequently amusing, and—given the conventional morality of their kind—harmless enough. The first and longest tale is very far from being the best, and would have been much improved by cutting down, especially if the opening scene in a newspaper office had gone. For some mysterious reason novel scenes in newspaper offices are generally failures. More than one of the others is, in a *léste* kind, decidedly good—especially "La bougie rose."

M. Jacques Fréhel's studies of Norman and Breton life are good; and, though there is a certain *clair-de-lune* sentiment about *Bretagne* (5), and particularly about its Norwegian hero,

(1) *Les grands écrivains français*—Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Par Arvède Barine. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *La jeunesse du grand Frédéric*. Par Ernest Lavisse. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Nice*. Par Claude Couturier. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *Le boudoir bleu*. Par Maurice Drack. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Bretagne*. Par Jacques Fréhel. Paris: Plon.

which is not exactly real, the sketch of the little Norman town and its colony of officials—looked down upon by the natives both as strangers and for their poverty—is excellent.

Messrs. Percival appear to have outlined their Modern French series (6) with great care, and to have set before themselves two main objects—to make it as complete as possible, and to supply a very large number of small and cheap elementary and intermediate reading books selected from modern French, and providing variety without overtaxing the groaning parents' purse. We can speak very well of the opening volumes. Mr. Somerville's *Primer* has considerable merits of arrangement, and the only fault we have to find with it is, that it sometimes makes perilously precise statements about matters which need hardly have been touched at all. The editors of the selections sometimes try to do a little too much, and we long ago swore, for our parts, a truceless war against vocabularies. But some people will have them, and, in the matter of assistance, too much is perhaps better than too little. The series is sure to take, and deserves to take, a good place.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

REGARDED chiefly as the organ of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, the new magazine, *The Library*, edited by Mr. J. W. MacAlister (Elliot Stock), undoubtedly supplies varied and interesting information, which had previously been extremely difficult to obtain. Whether the L.A.U.K. may be said to have recognized a want, the existence of which was but little suspected, and by prompt action have actually made it a general and even a public want, is a question we will not here discuss. It is sufficient to note of the second volume of *The Library* that it supplies an excellent periodical record of all matters that interest those who are charged with the control of libraries and those who have libraries. The management of all kinds of libraries, whether conditionally public or entirely free, is a multiform theme that is treated by many writers. Naturally much attention is directed to Free Libraries. That the rage for these institutions will receive a check we do not doubt. It is curious, by the way, that, while Mr. Gladstone adopts a sanguine attitude, the inhabitants of the royal and once Gladstonian borough of Greenwich have rejected the opportunity, and received the usual admonishments of wiseacres who are without knowledge. There is in Greenwich a library already. It is a very good library, and was considerably enriched by a bequest of the late Mr. Angerstein. Certainly, it is not free; but it is open to subscribers of a very small sum. From papers and statistics published in *The Library* it is clear that Free Libraries are successful only when they fulfil genuine local wants. The reference library is generally a boon; the lending library is generally a pernicious error. Even Mr. Mason, who does not hold this view, admits, in his paper on "Fiction in Free Libraries," that, "when eight-tenths of a library's issue consists of novels, that library is missing its real work, and reflecting discredit on the working of the Public Libraries Acts." The tables of monthly returns are instructive on both sides of the question. Perhaps the most singular figures are supplied in last March from the Birkenhead Library. Here, in the reference department, are 11,288 volumes, and the monthly issue was 10,853. Evidently the Birkenhead readers are diligent workers, who possess books of their own, and use the library as it should be used. For, it must be noted, the monthly issue from the lending department was less than half the total available. From such statistics as these there are doubtless many who will turn to the contributions of Dr. Garnett, Professor J. Fergusson, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Axon, and others, and seek another kind of entertainment.

The new edition of Miss Julia Pardoe's *Life of Marie de Medici*, in three volumes (Bentley & Son), is a handsome reissue of a conscientious, and in some respects notable, historical study, the substantial value of which has long since been acknowledged by students.

The second volume of the new series of extracts from *Acts of the Privy Council*, edited by Mr. John Roche Dasent (Eyre & Spottiswoode), relates to the period 1547–1550, and opens with the account of the action of the Privy Council towards the Duke of Somerset, and his influence over the young King. The committal of the Protector to the Tower, his dismissal from the Council, his subsequent restoration, are events conspicuously recorded in this important chronicle. The extracts are drawn from the Council Office MS. Registers, and from MS. collections in the British Museum.

A very necessary and interesting supplement to the "History of the Honourable Artillery Company," by Colonel Raikes, is provided in *The Ancient Vellum Book of the Honourable Artillery Company*, edited by Colonel Raikes (Bentley & Son). This volume comprises the roll of members from 1611 to 1682, with names, dates of enrolment, and very useful notes and illustrations. A brief explanatory introduction will be found instructive by those whose misfortune it is not to possess or to have read the author's admirable history in two volumes.

(6) *The Modern French Series—Primer of French Grammar*. By A. A. Somerville. Intermediate texts, *Histoire d'un paysan*. Edited by W. S. Lyon. Elementary texts, *Un cas de conscience*, *Grandes découvertes modernes*, *Les enfants patriotes*, *Le p'tit tailleur Bouton*. Edited by W. S. Lyon, F. E. B. Wale, and R. Horsley. London: Percival & Co.

Books there are that "translate" very well, and a public there must needs be for such. M. Imbert de Saint-Armand's *Marie Antoinette* (Hutchinson & Co.), of which Mr. Thomas Sergeant Parry is translator, is decidedly one of these popular works. With an "Eminent Women" series there should be room for "Famous Women of the French Court," and the specimen before us is in all ways agreeable.

Polly Mountemple, by Charles Hollis (Eden, Remington, & Co.), is far more entertaining than we were led to expect from the sub-title—"a *fin de siècle* story of the stage"—which promised, or seems to promise, "revelations" of a kind. In truth, the story deals with life in that mysterious borderland between the stage proper and the stage of the "Halls," and of much in the book there is no gainsaying the force or the fidelity of the presentation. The heroine's experience as member of a country pantomime company is, in its way, excellently depicted. The story is lively, though slangy. It is surely no "realism" to speak of a lady "leaning body and soul out of a cab window," and finding the action "not improving to her brown silk creation or to her temper."

Of *Julian the Apostate; and other Poems*, by D. M. P. (Cambridge: Palmer), there is little of poetry to be noted, save a fair show of the singing capacity. There are some good verses in "Poems of the West Indies," yet we feel more responsive to the poetic spirit of the prose of the late Mr. P. H. Gosse or of Kingsley's *At Last* than to this stanza:—

Fair Jamaica! as a parchment crumpled and cast on the sea,
Thou art scored with angels' writing; would thy sons were worthy thee!

That verse is not necessarily poetry, though the popular fallacy would so have it, is painfully demonstrated by M. B. in *A Miscellany in Sonnets* (Harrison & Sons). This is how M. B. sets forth on his facile career as sonneteer:—

A curious thing it is when we reflect,
The nerves of every animal our eyes
Behold have got the gift of the effect
That comes from training and from exercise.

From Messrs. Cassell & Co. we have received specimens of the "National Library" in neat cloth bindings:—Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*, Carlyle's *Essays on Burns and Scott*, Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, with introductions by Mr. Henry Morley; also Part I. of a new serial edition of the *Life and Times of Queen Victoria*, with an excellent portrait in colour of Her Majesty.

The Cruise of the "Dunottar Castle" (Edinburgh: T. & A. Constable) is a volume commemorative of the trial-trip of a steamship round the Scottish coasts. Mr. W. Scott Dalgleish's chronicle of a pleasant voyage is pleasantly written, and illustrated by pretty sketches by Dr. Lennox Browne, Mr. T. Maclaren, and Miss Cecilia G. Blackwood.

The Penny Postage Jubilee is very suitably signalized as an event worthy of honour by Mr. William Westoby's *Descriptive Catalogue of all Postage Stamps of the United Kingdom and Ireland* (Sampson Low & Co.). This is a book that should appeal to many readers who are not ardent philatelists. It is full of curious information and admirably illustrated.

Among new editions we have to note *Irish Essays and The Study of Celtic Literature*, by Matthew Arnold, "popular editions" (Smith & Elder); a greatly enlarged reprint of that entertaining miscellany of anecdotes, *Curiosities of Law and Lawyers*, by Croake James (Sampson Low & Co.); *Golden Lives: a Story of a Woman's Courage*, by Frederick Wicks, with numerous illustrations by Jean de Paleologue (Blackwood & Sons); *Saint Monica: a Wife's Love Story*, by Mrs. Bennett Edwards, third edition (Bristol: Arrowsmith); and *The Habits of Good Society*, a Handbook of Etiquette (Hogg).

Our list of recent booklets and pamphlets includes *The Calvinistic Doctrines of Election and Reprobation no part of St. Paul's Teaching*, by John Andrews Harris, S.T.D. (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates); *Shall we Know One Another in Heaven?* by the Bishop of Liverpool (Cassell & Co.); *Handbook of the Bowes Museum of Japanese Art*, Liverpool, by James E. Bowes; *Transactions of the Philological Society, 1889–90*, Part II. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Views of the International Exhibition, Edinburgh* (T. & A. Constable); *The Church Catechism in Scripture Story*, Part III. "The Teachers' Manual" (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*, No. 155 (Harrison & Sons); *Pax Vobiscum: an Address* (Hodder & Stoughton); *The Primary Charge of the Bishop of the Church of England in Jerusalem and the East* (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.); *Read and Others v. The Lord Bishop of Lincoln: the Judgment of November 21, 1890* (Macmillan & Co.); *Materials for an Account of the Provincial Synod of the Co. of Lancaster, 1646–1660*, by William A. Shaw (Manchester: privately printed); *Dr. Koch's Remedy*, by Dr. A. E. Bridger (Hogg); *The Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle-on-Tyne: a Guide and Description*, by J. R. Boyle, F.S.A., illustrated by W. H. Knowles (Walter Scott); *Catalogues of Minerals*, exhibited by the Republic of Uruguay at the Mining Exhibition, Crystal Palace, 1890, with Reports, &c., in two parts, and *Statistical Returns of Commerce, &c. of Uruguay for 1890* (Dunlop & Co.).

We have also received *Modern Changes in the Mobility of Labour*, by H. Llewellyn Smith (Frowde); *Moses and the Prophets*, by the Rev. Gavin Carlyle (Elliot Stock); *The Musical Self-Instructor*, by James Sneddon, Mus.B. (Curwen); *The Art of Electrolytic Separation of Metals, &c.*, by G. Gore,

LL.D. ("Electrician" Publishing Co.); *The Physical Properties of Gases*, by Arthur L. Kimball (Heinemann); *Lectures on the Growth of the Criminal Law in Ancient Communities*, by Richard R. Cherry, LL.D. (Macmillan & Co.); *An Introduction to Dynamics, &c.*, by Charles V. Burton, D.Sc. (Longmans & Co.); *Preliminary Survey and Estimates*, by Theodore Graham Gribble, C.E. (Longmans & Co.); *Researches on Micro-Organisms*, by A. B. Griffiths (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox); *The Surgery of the Kidneys*, being the Harveian Lectures, 1889, by J. Knowsley Thornton (Griffin & Co.); *A Contribution to the Natural History of Scarlatina*, by D. Astley Gresswell, M.D. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); *Nursing and Hygiene*, by R. Lawton Roberts, M.D. (H. K. Lewis); *Hygiene and Public Health*, by B. Arthur Whitelegge, M.D. (Cassell & Co.); and *The Bath Thermal Waters and Treatment*, by T. Pagan Lowe, an illustrated handbook (Simpkin & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM.—MATINÉE, TO-DAY (Saturday), at 2, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. To-night at 8.45, THE BELLS, preceded at 8 by THE KING AND THE MILLER. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING next Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and March 2 and 3. THE LYONS MAIL next Friday and Saturday, February 27 and 28, and Saturday Night, March 7. CHARLES I. March 4, 5, and 6. MATINÉE, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Saturday next, February 28. MATINÉE, CHARLES I. March 7. Box Office (Mr. J. Hunt) open 10 to 5, and during the performance. —LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY, Sole Lessee and Manageress. Last Performance of ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA TO-NIGHT at 8. Mrs. Langtry as Cleopatra, Mr. Coghlan as Antony. For Cast see daily papers. Doors open at 7.30. Carriages at 11. Box-office open 10 to 5. Telephone, 2995. On Saturday next, February 28, LADY BARTER a new comedy, by Mr. Coghlan.

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CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 26, 27, 28. ELEVEN SCHOLARSHIPS of value ranging between £40 and £50 per annum, will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under fifteen.—For further details apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Nine or more, open to competition at Midsummer, 1891, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £50 a year in case of scholars who require it. Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

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 There will be an ELECTION to FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS (two of £50, one of £30, and one of £40) on Friday, July 17, 1891. Open to boys under the age of fourteen on January 1, 1891.—For further information apply to the Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

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The Right Hon. Lord BASING.

J. HENNIKER HEATON, Esq., M.P.

General Manager in London—GEORGE HARDIE.

The Company is authorised to issue Debentures to the extent of £350,000, for the purpose of paying off Deposits, amounting at the time of the authorisation to £334,000. Last year £300,000 were issued and fully subscribed. The remaining £100,000 are now offered for subscription, and will rank pari passu with those already issued. The Debentures will be secured by a first charge on the uncalled capital, viz., £384,076, and by a floating charge over all the Assets of the Company, amounting to over One Million.

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Solicitors—Messrs. FRESHFIELDS & WILLIAMS.

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The Company reserves the right to redeem this Stock at £105 per cent. by giving six months' notice after expiry of 10 years from date of issue.

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AUTHORISED CAPITAL..... £1,000,000

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL..... £300,000

PAID-UP CAPITAL..... £250,000

RESERVE FUND AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... £94,558

LONDON OFFICES—LOMBARD HOUSE, GEORGE YARD, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

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5 per cent. for three to five years.

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WILLIAM CLARKE, Managing Director.

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CAPITAL, 400,000 Shares of £5 each..... £2,000,000

Issued, 300,000 Shares—

PAID-UP..... £500,000

UNCALLED..... 500,000—1,000,000

RESERVE FUND..... £91,000

LONDON OFFICE, 117 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN.

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Deposits received on terms to be ascertained on application.

EDMUND ROUSE, Manager.

THE ANGLO-ARGENTINE BANK, LIMITED.

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SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £250,000. PAID-UP, £250,000.

RESERVE FUND, £10,000.

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Children are admitted by election, on payment till elected, on purchase, on presentation, subject to the life of the donor.

A Cot for all time may be had for £450.

The Charity is in

URGENT NEED OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.

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WEMYSS, Chairman.

R. EVANS CRONK, Secretary.

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NEW ZEALAND.

FURTHER CONVERSIONS OF
THE PUBLIC DEBT.

THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND give notice, that on behalf of the Agents appointed by the Governor of New Zealand in Council, under the New Zealand Consolidated Stock Act 1877 and Amendment Act 1881, and the Consolidated Stock Act 1884 (Sir Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., C.B., and Sir Penrose Goodchild Julian, K.C.M.G., C.B.), they are authorised to invite holders of the outstanding Debentures of the undermentioned Loans to bring in their Debentures for conversion on the following terms:—

1. Six per Cents. of the Loans of 1860 and 1863, Redeemable 1891.

March 15	£154,800
June 15	188,400
July 1	74,100
December 15	73,800

(i.) For every £100 in Debentures of the Loan of 1863 falling due March 15 next, from which the coupon for the half-year's interest due March 15 must be detached, £104 of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from July 1, 1891, and inscribable on or after June 2, 1891. Scrip Certificates with coupon attached for interest at 3½ per cent. from March 15 to June 30 (payable July 1) will be issued in exchange for the Debentures.

(ii.) For every £100 in Debentures of the same loan falling due June 15 next, from which the coupon for the half-year's interest due June 15 must be detached, £104 of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from July 1, 1891, and inscribable on or after June 2, 1891. Scrip Certificates with coupon attached for the interest at 3½ per cent. for the broken period from June 15 to June 30 (payable on July 1) will be issued in exchange for the Debentures.

(iii.) For every £100 in Debentures of the same loan falling due December 15 next, from which the coupon for the half-year's interest due June 15 must be detached, £104 of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from July 1, 1891, and inscribable on or after June 2, 1891. Scrip Certificates with coupons attached, payable December 15, 1891, for interest at 6 per cent. per annum from June 15 to June 30, and for the difference of interest between 3½ per cent. and 6 per cent. per annum from July 1 to December 15, will be issued in exchange for the Debentures.

(iv.) For every £100 in Debentures of the Loan of 1860, from which the coupon for the half-year's interest due July 1 next must be detached, £104 of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from July 1, 1891, and inscribable on or after June 2, 1891.

2. Five per Cents. of the Loan of 1867, Redeemable January 1, 1893, £64,000.

For every £100 in Debentures, from which the coupon for the half-year's interest due July 1 must be detached, £106 of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, inscribable on or after June 2, 1891, and bearing interest from July 1, 1891.

3. Old Provincial Loans.

Lyttelton and Christchurch Railway Loan ..	£77,700
Westland Loan	50,000
Auckland Loan	31,600
Nelson Loan	15,000
Otago Loan	116,700
Canterbury Loan	22,800

(i.) LYTTELTON AND CHRISTCHURCH RAILWAY LOAN, Redeemable 1895 to 1897—£77,700.

For every £100 in Debentures, with all undue coupons attached, the following amounts of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, inscribable on or after June 2, 1891, and bearing interest from July 1, 1891, namely:—

Series redeemable 1893	£109 of Stock
" " 1894	£111 of Stock
" " 1896	£113 10s. of Stock
" " 1897	£115 of Stock

(ii.) WESTLAND LOAN, Redeemable 1894—£50,000.

For every £100 in Debentures, with all undue coupons attached, £107 10s. of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, inscribable on or after June 2, 1891, and bearing interest from July 1, 1891.

(iii.) AUCKLAND LOAN, Redeemable 1896—£31,600.

For every £100 in Debentures, with all undue coupons attached, £114 of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, inscribable on or after June 2, 1891, and bearing interest from July 1, 1891.

(iv.) NELSON LOAN, Redeemable 1896—£15,000.

For every £100 in Debentures, with all undue coupons attached, £119 10s. of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, inscribable on or after June 2, 1891, and bearing interest from July 1, 1891.

(v.) OTAGO LOAN, Redeemable 1898—£116,700.

For every £100 in Debentures, with all undue coupons attached, £117 10s. of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, inscribable on or after June 2, 1891, and bearing interest from July 1, 1891.

(vi.) CANTERBURY LOAN, Redeemable 1915 and 1916—£22,800.

For every £100 in Debentures, with all undue coupons attached, £136 of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, inscribable on or after June 2, 1891, and bearing interest from July 1, 1891.

The Inscribed Stock herein mentioned will in every case rank *pari passu* with the New Zealand 3½ per Cent. Consolidated Stock already inscribed at the Bank of England, with Dividends payable half-yearly on January 1 and July 1, and redeemable at par January 1, 1940.

Debentures surrendered for conversion must be deposited not later than the following dates, at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, where the necessary forms may be obtained, and must be left three clear days for examination:—

Sixes of 1891 falling due March 15, 1891, on or before March 14 next.
All other Debentures, on or before June 15 next.

The right is reserved in the case of any Debentures not brought in for conversion on the terms now notified, to convert the same into 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock (with the assent of holders), on terms to be notified from time to time at the Bank of England.

By the Act 40 and 41 Vict. cap. 59, the revenues of the Colony of New Zealand alone will be liable in respect of the Stock and the Dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom, and the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the Dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.

Bank of England,
February 13, 1891.

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